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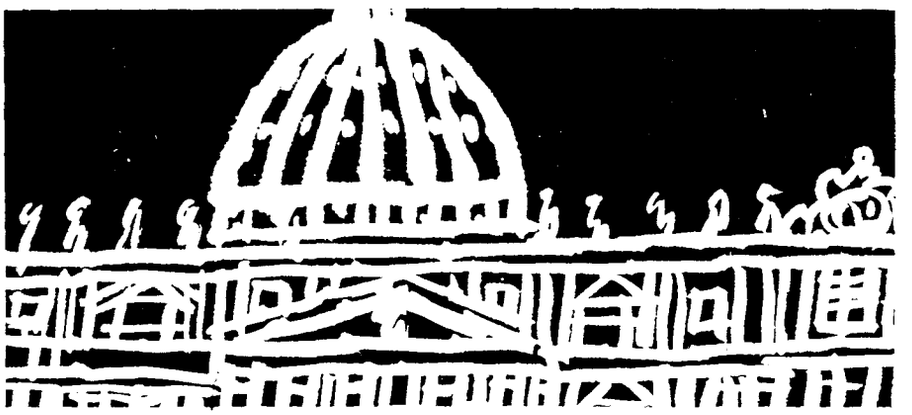

RED HATS AS RED FLAGS

Thomas E. Bird

FERRIS WHEEL, ANYONE?

Sister Mary Stephanie

CATHOLICS LEFT AND RIGHT

Gunnar D. Kumlien

ANGUS WILSON'S ENGLAND

William James Smith

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CORRESPONDENCE

Pfaff on Vietnam

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

To the Editors: The comments by William Pfaff ["Vietnam and Reality," Feb. 26] are extremely puzzling. He repeats over and over, without supporting his contention, that there is no real American policy in Vietnam. He does offer one argument—that we backed away from a perfect spot for a negotiated settlement—and then refutes it himself in the next paragraph, pointing out that only the ingenuous would have believed a settlement to be possible.

I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Pfaff that killing people had better be justified by mighty good political reasons. I disagree just as strongly with his dismissal of "large virtues" as valid reasons. Our announced policy is to assist the South Vietnamese in establishing a viable, independent state, and we haven't wavered from that policy. Maybe it's vague, idealistic, and naive, but it is a policy, despite Mr. Pfaff, and a policy in terms of which our limited reprisals and avoidance of compromise are perfectly consistent.

All United States foreign policy, indeed, is idealistic—and that's its whole point. We are campaigning for our abstract idea of a perfect world. The idea is a little fuzzy around the edges, of course, so that we often make confusing and even contradicting decisions in specific applications, but the heart of the matter is certain: the notion of freedom. Most of the difficulties we have in dealing with other peoples come because they don't understand what we mean by "freedom." Very few can even begin to grasp the concept of individual and collective freedom, and most who do simply don't believe us. The words "freedom" and "self-determination," I fear, are believed in the world community about as often as "aggression," "imperialism," or "peaceful co-existence." This cynicism is so automatic, so thoroughly grounded in centuries of history, that it doesn't even merit the name "cynicism." To most of the world, the statement, "We want the South Vietnamese to be free," is utterly meaningless.

This lack of communications is no reason to abandon our ideals, however. It only means that a major task of our foreign policy must be education; and words won't work, only actions. If we consistently demonstrate that we have the power and the will to use it, and yet don't use it, the idea will eventually seep in that what we want cannot be obtained by force. If we consistently support governments which offer their citizens freedom and oppose those which oppress, our subtle distinction may gradually dawn on the rest of the world. Consistency is hard to achieve, certainly, because our ideas sprang from situations vastly different from those existing in much of the world. We have reversed ourselves many times in the past because of this uncertainty, making our job of education that much more difficult.

But we mustn't quit. We have to refine our ideas as new situations present themselves and press forward with dogged determination. It's hard, to be sure, and it becomes much harder when our own eloquent spokesmen, like Mr. Pfaff, lose their bearings and start urging us to compromise and accept half measures to obtain a lull in the fighting.

If "we have had little experience as a nation of the particular tragedies of history," nevertheless a great many *individuals* in the U.S. *have* experienced much of war and tragedy. Most of them I meet are still avid disciples of the "heresy" of enthusiasm. I wonder how Mr. Pfaff explains them?

DONALD R. WEIDMAN

Reply

Mr. Weidman ardently expresses the generous intentions which animate many Americans in their approach to foreign policy. But America's good intentions are not the issue in Vietnam. Our problem lies in what those good intentions have led us into. And I was concerned with the specific policy choices before us. My argument was that escalation of the war can be justified, and probably is indispensable, as part of a considered effort to obtain not "a lull in the fighting" but a settlement or stalemate in Vietnam which salvages something advantageous for the non-Communist Vietnamese and for ourselves. But we have got to decide what settlement we want and can expect to get, and go after it. What is ingenuous is to think that bombing in the north can produce a surrender by the Viet Cong in the south—or for that matter, that an extended and generalized war in Asia will "assist the South Vietnamese in establishing a viable, independent state."

The validity of "enthusiasm"—of an American campaign "for our abstract idea of a perfect world"—as foreign policy is a matter which involves, I suspect, too many issues of ethics and a philosophy of history as well as politics to be discussed very usefully in this space. My belief, briefly, is that this century has already suffered enough from ideological politics and ideological war.

WILLIAM PFAFF

"If I were . . ."

Cincinnati, Ohio

To the Editors: Wow! Wilfrid Sheed's "Growing Up Catholic" [February 26] exactly expresses my feelings on the parish's pitifully inadequate rapport with the real world. If I were the Army Chief of Chaplains, I'd order every Catholic chaplain to memorize the essay. If I were rich, I'd purchase enough reprints to send one copy to every pastor in the country. If I were Pope, I'd have every priest in the world read the article every day for a year as part of his breviary.

ROBERT J. BROCK
Captain, U.S. Army

Blurred Focus?

Buffalo, N.Y.

To the Editors: While I understand and sympathize with the futilitarian feelings of Mr. Sheed in his recollections, "Growing Up Catholic," [Febru-

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ary 26] I am afraid that his focus became blurred in the course of his retrospections.

Like many intellectuals, Mr. Sheed is deeply wounded, if not scandalized, by the human abrasions suffered in the course of rubbing shoulders with other human beings in the Catholic parishes of the world and in history. This is understandable. But a more radical question should be answered. Are not his strictures equally applicable to every other dimension of life? If so, why should the Church or the parish be singled out for special concentration? The organization man finds himself alienated in an organizational society—not only in the Catholic Church.

I believe that an article, so beautifully written and sensitively conceived, by concentrating, without distinction, on the Catholic dimensions of living, is apt to create the illusion that the maladies singled out for study are specific Catholic diseases. But they are not. They are specifically *human* diseases. Anxiety, alienation, the painful discovery of personal examples of stupidity and dishonesty, tensions between the ideal and the real, moral and aesthetic flaws, etc., have been the common lot of man in our post-paradisaical world. They are not exclusive characteristics of Catholic parishes.

The more sensitively geared a man is, the more will he suffer, but he should not project his widely conceived pain into a single localized point, for in so doing he himself may create a dishonest illusion that this alone is the point of suffering.

I suppose a Church of angels would cause Mr. Sheed more pleasure but unfortunately the Catholic Church is a Church of men where human frictions will continue to abrade the sensitive regions of perceptive souls. But then, Mr. Sheed should know more about this than I, for as a novelist and as a drama critic, he certainly realizes that we do not find flawless men in any society any more than we find a sinless literature.

Those who understand the human

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SELMA

In the past nine years, exactly fifty Negroes have been added to the voting rolls of Dallas County, Alabama. Governor Wallace told a nationwide television audience Sunday that he has insisted "a hundred times or more" that every eligible citizen of the state should be able to vote. His ardor, however, has not been translated into reality. As of last week, with about 14,000 voting-age whites and 14,000 voting-age Negroes, only 325 Negroes were registered to vote, as compared with more than 9,000 whites.

With this as a backdrop, and with the fact that the federal voting suits against Dallas County go back to the first days of President Kennedy's administration, the surprise and shock of the county officials ring hollower than usual. It is not possible to plead for more time. The time has been extended again and again and has not been used. The shock and violence that Selma and Dallas County are now reaping have been carefully seeded by their own officials.

What we are witnessing now is the normal first stage of defeat for a community's racists, a familiar ritual that can end only one way. Even on his own terms, Governor Wallace is tightly boxed in. Take the march from Selma to Montgomery. By preventing it, Wallace builds the pressure against his own system, gains more public support for the civil rights struggle and runs the risk of violence. If he allows the march and grants it police protection, this will amount to an escort and his own career will be seriously damaged. If he allows the march and calls off the police, the pressure will be lessened, but the possibilities of violence against the marchers along the 50-mile route is great, and an attack on unprotected marchers would be likely to bring federal forces into the state. This example of the march, like the whole of the Selma tragedy, illustrates what Governor Barnett proved so well in Mississippi—that there is now no viable middle ground between legitimate integration and all-out racism, which means violence. All that

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is left to Governor Wallace is the familiar loud retreat, and even that will be difficult.

What Selma has also shown is that the non-violent integration movement has far from reached its peak. The base is continually broadening, as the wide involvement of nuns and priests during the past week has indicated. The habits of the nuns, which stand out so strikingly in the photos taken in Selma, Washington and Harlem, are just the most obvious symbol of the deepening commitment of religious groups to the struggle. It is both obvious and mildly uncomfortable to say so, but the non-violent movement has already taken on some aspects of a victory celebration. The struggle will be long and painful, and others will join in what Cardinal Spellman aptly called the "martyrdom" of the Rev. Reeb, but this is a war whose outcome is foreordained. The forces at work now simply cannot be contained until the victory is complete.

Though many predicted that the civil rights act would be the last federal legislation for years to come, the Selma demonstrations have already propelled voting laws to the top of Congress' desk. Within a month it has become the number one domestic issue, and the Justice Department has moved so swiftly, in consultation with congressmen of both parties, that the federally-insured right to vote can become a reality before the end of this session. Public revulsion against the discrimination of the Dallas County system has soared and must be converted into political pressure for voting legislation now. A year and a half ago, a leader of the White Citizens' Council in Selma was quoted as saying to a reporter: "I tell you this. We are not going to give in. If we let them have an inch, they would want to go all the way." Well, they want to go all the way, and it is up to the voters to supply the push.

KHRUSHCHEV VOTES

In the early days of the Sino-Soviet dispute, when Khrushchev was still very much in charge of things, one of those seasonal reports on "Iron Curtain" jokes contained a story about a Russian child in the year 2,000 who was asked by his teacher to identify Nikita Khrushchev. Having never heard of such a person, the child turned to his father—who likewise had never heard of Nikita Khrushchev. Father and son, therefore, turned to the Soviet encyclopedia, where they found the briefest of entries: "Nikita Khrushchev. A minor art critic of the Mao Tse-tung era."

For a short time after Khrushchev's downfall, this joke sounded more like prophecy than foolery. The Orwellian machinery went to work. Khrushchev's portrait was no longer in sight—only noticeable spots of unfaded wallpaper where a picture had recently hung. Halls in various Moscow museums closed suddenly. And when they reopened, a photograph from the Moscow Youth Festival was found where there once had been a picture of Khrushchev observing the signing of the test-ban treaty; the volumes of Khrushchev's speeches had disappeared; and there were inexplicable empty spaces in many displays. The first volume of a new history of the Communist Party had been issued less than a month before the Premier's removal. Within a few days of that event, however, copies were unavailable. The state publishing house told buyers: there will be a new printing. Unaccountable changes in methods and mores immediately took place. Common brick had been Out; now it was In. Nine-story buildings had been Out; now they were In—while five-story buildings, which had been In, were now Out.

The changing of the guard did not occur exactly as it had so often in the past, however. The main Out appeared to be only out of office and not entirely out of luck. The new Soviet leaders did not find it necessary to remove the flesh-and-blood evidence that such a man as Nikita Khrushchev had ever existed. Thus Khrushchev was observed visiting a monument last month; his wife was seen at the opera. And last Sunday the ex-Premier made a public appearance, exactly five months after his loss of power. Showing up to vote in a local Moscow election, Khrushchev not only promised newsmen an interview "sometime" but risked a quip. When the election official asked for his internal passport, he replied, "Don't you trust me?"

It is an ironic comment on the state of things when one is pleased merely because a regime has the humanity to let its deposed leader vote and tell a joke, instead of murdering him. But such is the case. The eradication of former leaders from existence, both physical and historical, is demanded by the totalitarian regime's claim to infallibility. Mankind must applaud every step away from such ideological madness.

ANTI-TRUST

It is heartening that with an Administration reputed for its specially warm feeling for the country's business community, there are forces active against trusts and monopolies—in the public interest. The anti-trust division of the Justice Department continues to prosecute; such damage to the common good is also the concern of the Federal Trade Commission and the Supreme Court;

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if no one in Congress has yet taken the place of the late Senator Kefauver, there is responsible agitation there.

The trend toward mergers in present-day American business has brought on a wide range of charges of restraint of trade. Some of these mergers bring together units of the same industry, like the proposed merger of the Pure Oil Company with Union Oil of California or the 1961 combination of Manufacturers Trust with the Hanover Bank of New York, now ordered to unmerge.

Recently there has been a rash of "conglomerate" mergers, whereby companies engaged in disparate production join forces. General Foods, for example, has acquired the S.O.S. Company (maker of soap pads), while Procter and Gamble is charged with unfair competition towards the smaller companies that make detergents because of having taken over Clorox. Perhaps with an eye to the day the American public takes more seriously the evidence on cigarettes as a cause of cancer, two of the largest tobacco companies are buying into the food and pet food industries.

It is contended by some that the merging of banks and industries is a key to national economic growth. Larger companies have greater marketing know-how and research facilities. However, the purported increased efficiencies seldom result in notable improvement of the product, or in lower prices to the consumer, either. They are usually reflected in corporate profits. There is also a lot of business empire building by personally ambitious manipulators. American enterprise in its present stage offers too many opportunities for combinations in restraint of trade for the 1914 Clayton Anti-Trust Act not to be overhauled.

VIETNAM AND CUBA

It is said that nations always plan for the next war on the basis of the last one. This half-truism indicates the importance of historical models—and suggests that following these models is more often than not misleading. History, if we do not watch it carefully, can be a conman as well as a guide. The United States should be alert to this fact in formulating its Vietnam policy.

Everyone has his own historical model for guidance in Vietnam. The French learned theirs, of course, in a hard school; and so they urge the "lesson of the Indochinese War" on the U.S. without hesitation, self-assured that they were through all this before. For others, the relevant historical model is Korea (this seems to be the State Department's latest position) or Greece after World War II; for some, it is (still) Munich. For most Americans, however, *the* model for Cold War confrontations remains the Cuban missile crisis.

There is good reason for this. First, the missiles were removed from Cuba, and a point of conflict was cleanly settled without the usual lingering period of half-threat, threat, and counter-threat, diverting government attention and draining its energy while breeding public distrust. Second, the aftermath of the crisis was not—as many had predicted—a heightening of East-West tension but instead a mood of *detente* marked by the test ban treaty and a growing public awareness of common U.S.-Soviet interests. Is it any wonder that a liberal political commentator was led to call Kennedy's action in the Cuban crisis "surely the most remarkable application of political physics the world has ever seen"? Is it any wonder that the frustrated American, looking for a way out of Vietnam, should look wistfully at what was done in the case of Cuba?

Indeed, there are lessons in the Cuban episode and now is a good time to recall them. But the lessons may not be what at first glance they seem. Those people who believe that all Cuba teaches is "tough guys finish first" may find that history deceives them.

The first lesson of Cuba is that of *moderation.* Kennedy announced the blockade only after months of damping the chauvinist fires. Senator Homer Capehart was calling for an invasion, as was Strom Thurmond. Other Senators and Representatives attacked the President for his cautiousness. And the blockade policy itself was neither the minimal response—doing nothing or making a UN plea—nor was it the maximal response—an air strike or invasion. It was, above all, carefully limited to the locus of conflict, Cuba, rather than launched "totally" against the source of the problem, Russia, as a threat of massive retaliation would have been, or a retaliatory move in some other cold war theater.

The second lesson of Cuba is that lines of communication were kept open at all times. The U.S. was quite willing to negotiate not only the Cuban missile issue but any other points of East-West tension which the Soviets might see as related to it. That the United States would be willing to make concessions in other matters following a Soviet withdrawal of missiles was quite clear.

The third lesson of Cuba is that of precision and openness. The blockade policy was chosen because it exactly met the requirements of a carefully delineated goal: removing the missiles. Means and ends were carefully matched. There were no overt, or even subconscious, demands for total victory. And when the policy was finally determined, it was announced and exercised without subterfuge. The advice of Dean Acheson, "You may lie to your friends, but never lie to your enemies,"

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was followed. No attempt was made to "put over a fast one." And while the blockade was certainly a case of escalation, the "stage" of escalation was clearly defined, as was the response which would bring on further escalation. The germs of international tragedy have often been vagueness about means and ends; this was not so in the Cuban crisis.

The U.S. performance in October of 1962 was not perfect. But it remains a prime model for American diplomatic action. It was an action suited for a thermonuclear age. And since it surely looms large in the minds of both public and diplomats as the Vietnamese crisis heightens, the Cuban confrontation should not be confused with the gunboat diplomacy of the Platt Amendment days.

In order to improve readability, the size of the type used in articles and editorials has this week been increased from 9 point to 10 point. Extra space between lines of type is also being used to further improve legibility.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

RETURN TO ISOLATION?

There is an old remark which warns that you should be careful what you pray for since you may get it. A restored, independent, and powerful France was one object of State Department prayers in the 1950s and now we have got it. And perhaps the most illuminating comment that can be made on President de Gaulle's audacious February press conference is to repeat something said a quarter of a century ago by the British historian E. H. Carr. Speaking of 1931, he wrote that "what was commonly called the 'return to power politics' . . . was, in fact, the termination of the monopoly of power enjoyed by the *status quo* Powers."

However serious de Gaulle may have been in proposing revisions in the international monetary system and the U.N.'s organization, and there no doubt was a measure of sardonic provocation in what he said, and however forceful were the replies which Washington and London promptly issued, the fact remains that his underlying assumption is true: in Carr's words, "the monopoly of power enjoyed by the status quo Powers" has come to an end.

It has come to an end in part because policies of both the United States and the Soviet Union have succeeded, our prayers fulfilled. We both contributed heavily to the renewal of potential rivals: France, the West European Six as a group, China—and, it must be added, making proper acknowledgement to a different level of rivalry but a significant one nonetheless, Romania and Yugoslavia and Cuba and a dozen others which once seemed safe.

The major figures on this list today challenge the United States and the USSR in economic and financial status, or in political influence, or in military power. The gold problem, in part a consequence of a generally unsatisfactory U.S. economic performance, is evident enough. The political deterioration of both Soviet and American world positions also is fairly widely understood, in the Soviet case most poignantly to those foreign Communist parties who have been cast adrift in a storm of revisionism and Maoism. The military situation is the one which perhaps is not fully appreciated, and a moment's digression may be useful.

The Nuclear Short-Cut

Both the United States and the Soviet Union are already in a period of *relative* military decline. The reason for this is that nuclear weapons provide a shortcut to power. To build great navies and efficient armies is a long and expensive undertaking, and presupposes an extensive industrial base and a sizable population. To build a modest nuclear deterrent force is difficult too, but it is today within the present or potential competence of a good many more nations than could ever have expected to put an army into the field against Russia or to send a fleet to meet the United States Navy. Important relative advantages obviously remain with those states which possess large and sophisticated nuclear armories, but these are not advantages that are especially useful short of Armageddon. And in the world short of that climax the possession of a dozen or two nuclear weapons, and the airplanes or hidden or hardened rockets sufficient to provide a mathematical probability of delivering one or two of those weapons on an enemy city, constitutes, in the language of the strategists, a plausible nuclear deterrent.

Deterrent: but just that. An ability to threaten that although an attacker may destroy you he will suffer grievous wounds in retaliation provides a fairly convincing deterrent to the attack. To serve demands upon

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another on the threat that you will simultaneously wound him and commit suicide is less convincing. The aggressive use of nuclear threats is not, in any event, a course of action likely to recommend itself to anyone in that period of "invulnerable" retaliatory forces—large or small—into which hardened missiles and Polaris submarines are introducing us. More important for the foreseeable future is likely to be the political advantage provided by the possession of a nuclear force. Nuclear power, as de Gaulle has demonstrated, constitutes a symbolic accession to the ranks of those who shake world affairs—although, as he has also demonstrated, it takes more than nuclear power to become one who makes, as well as shakes, the pattern of world politics.

Thus it is that de Gaulle's statements could constitute a declaration of a new "1931." The world no longer is that simple place where two great powers faced one another in an equilibrium of hostility, while all other states accommodated themselves to this struggle. De Gaulle now insists, in stronger terms than ever before, that Europe counts—in international finance, in the U.N., in the establishing of a balance of power with the Soviet Union on "our old continent thus rejuvenated," in dealing with the crisis in Asia.

Neither Russia nor the United States can be expected to accept this drastic change in their situations without trauma—nor can it be easy to accept it without resentment. Carr also said of 1931 that the *status quo* powers typically regard "power politics" as an affront to the higher interests of the international community, being convinced of "a doctrine of a natural harmony of [world] interests [which] identifies the good of the whole with the security of those in possession."

The world, it must be added, was worse off after 1931. The pluralism which was restored to international politics progressed through folly to disaster—to the war of 1940. But was this outcome the result of it's having again become necessary to practice politics in Europe, or was it a result of the European states' (and America's) failing to practice politics well?

The latter surely is the truth. Politics is a condition of international life—the art of coexistence and competition among friends as well as enemies. It may be done badly, but it cannot be not done.

The Cost

We began these remarks with a comment on history's perversity: on the fact that actions have consequences, but usually with a sting in them. The United States acted to accelerate the development of a Europe in which France's new role became possible, of a world in which the programs of the early postwar years would no longer be adequate. To the challenge of these changes, some in Washington now would respond with attempts to pile up the stones of the old order: to somehow recover a complaisant Europe, somehow, even at heavy cost, to do away with a China of renewed imperialism, somehow to restore that bilateral rivalry with Russia which now seems familiar and even a comfortable relationship—its terms clear, its invective well-rehearsed, its limits understood. That rivalry was, after all, a flattering relationship, since it implied that only the United States and Russia counted in this world.

That, of course, is the reactionary response to what is happening; and it has an inevitable outcome: frustration, and an eventual disillusionment. Reality collects its wages, if only in Fort Knox gold. The United States once before reacted to a 1931 by turning away from a troublesome and ungrateful world into querulous isolationism. Today something very like that is again a possibility, not only for the United States but for a Russia of disillusioned messianism—a Russia bitter at the insolence of such peoples as the Albanians and Romanians, at the arrogance of the Chinese. Such an isolationism would be sterile, and it could also be menacing.

It also lies open to the United States to acknowledge and even welcome this attenuation of the responsibilities we have borne since the Second World War, this opportunity to play a new and freer role in world affairs. Thus far, the Johnson Administration acts as though it grasps this alternative, even though it may not articulate a rationale for its actions. There is much to be said for an American administration willing to deal with long-neglected domestic problems, to acknowledge Europe's competence and right to deal with its own divisions, to hold back from historicist arguments for preventive war in Asia.

Some are calling this neo-isolationism, but that is a mistake. It is an adaptation to reality—a sign of intelligence in political organisms as much as physical ones. It is the sterile reiteration of old ideas that constitutes isolationism, at least of the intellectual kind. And intellectual isolation ends in embitterment. If that should be this country's course, the result sooner than we may think, could be a real political isolation—an isolation, and isolationism, that would have little of the saving innocence of Liberty League and America First.

(WILLIAM PFAFF *is a former associate editor of* COMMONWEAL. *His and Edmund Stillman's* The Politics of Hysteria *has recently become available in a* Harper *Colophon paperback edition.*)

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

AFTER MALCOLM X

The Black Muslims have always received their fair share of publicity, or perhaps more than their fair share, and so too did the colorful Malcolm X. But the headlines he received in life were a drop in the bucket compared to those he received in death—an ironic note which Malcolm would probably take as one more proof of the value of violence.

Like most Americans I followed with fascination the news of Malcolm's assassination and the moves and countermoves of his Black Nationalists and Muhammad's Black Muslims. Even to Negroes I suspect the world of Malcolm X and his followers is a strange world, and there is no use pretending that the world of the Negro is not different from mine; it is. Once a Negro realizes he is not white (when? at 3? at 5?) and what the fact of not being white means in our society, his world becomes different.

The facts are inescapable. A Negro, simply by virtue of the fact that he *is* a Negro, is bucking the odds from the day he is born. There are exceptions, but who can look at the metropolitan slums and imagine that the average Negro has an equal chance at a secure, happy childhood? Supreme Court or no, the Negro's chances for a good education are limited, North and South. Further, even if he gets a good education his chances at a good job are small. How high can the average Negro boy expect to rise in our society?

In short, the kind of home a Negro will live in, the kind of food he will eat, the kind of medical care he will receive, even the way he will be buried, all are affected by the color of his skin. (How long is it since you saw a Negro laid out in a white undertaking establishment?) The Negro has been in America longer than many of us, but his America is still not ours.

If you took a street corner poll almost anywhere in the country, you'd find that most people would identify themselves as Christians and believers in democracy, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights and all that. Yet for those who make such claims the presence of a Negro minority in our midst represents a great challenge—one we have so far failed to meet. The problem with James Baldwin, or one of the problems, is that he grasps this fact. After Malcolm X was killed, Baldwin had some kind words to say about him. This probably made some people think he was himself a Muslim, but if so they were wrong. The thing is, though, that Baldwin does understand what makes the Black Muslims tick. "This world is white," he wrote, "and they are black." It is as simple as that.

Anyone who has ever read any Black Muslim literature knows that the emphasis is on Negro militancy. The Black Muslim paper, *Muhammad Speaks,* is full of aggression. Freedom Fighters Assault Citadels of Oppression, Negroes Fight for Jobs, Negroes Battle for Cause, Hospital Workers Fight to Live. The emphasis is on Action Now—so much so that the total effect on the white reader is on the chilling side.

The Black Muslims don't expect Christianity to soften any of life's blows. Consider, for example, Elijah Muhammad's views of Catholicism: "The European white race, the breeders of false religions opposed to the true religion (entire submission to the will of Allah), has set up the head of their religion in Rome, Italy, and calls the head 'Father' (Pope). . . . We should know, after 400 years under Christians, that there is nothing in white Christianity for the black race but hell!"

The Black Muslims do not draw their support from the educated Negroes, from the growing Negro middle class. Their appeal is primarily to the uneducated poor, and the major appeal of the Black Muslims is precisely to those Negroes in the grip of poverty and despair. For millions, unemployment is still a harsh fact of life, and this is particularly true for the Negro. The black ghettos are filled with idle men and women, some out of work for so many months that they are near despair. If a few of them lend ready ears to the Black Muslims, who can be surprised?

Black Muslims are, of course, racists—Black Supremacists who are mirror images of the White Supremacists in our midst. They horrify many people, but the fact is that they simply represent an extreme reaction to a culture based on white superiority and, if necessary, white violence. Previous estimates of the number of Black Muslims ran as high as 100,000. This was clearly exaggerated, and present guesses put the total at not more than 10,000. But for every Negro who is a member of the Black Muslims there must be hundreds who have run head-on into white walls all their lives and who have as a result developed a definite sympathy for the various black nationalist movements. Malcolm X is dead, but if we ignore this larger fact we are only deceiving ourselves.

JAMES O'GARA

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RED HATS AS RED FLAGS

Cardinals, Patriarchs and Collegiality

THOMAS E. BIRD

The recent creation of twenty-seven new cardinals has set off mixed and strong reactions. Many felt that appointments to the College of Cardinals struck a discordant note in the wake of the collegial atmosphere which the second session engendered and the third session made part of the Church's official teaching. The hope had been widespread (outside Curial circles) that the cardinals, the "Senate of the Pope," would be allowed to disappear with the passing of its present membership and that a "Senate of the Church," drawn from the universal *episcopate* and not limited by Roman diocesan overtones, would replace it.

The logical consequence of the overwhelming vote of the Fathers concerning collegiality is a reorganization *au fond* of the central government of the Church. Pope Paul was explicit in his remarks of September 1963 that plans for reform of the Curia would be formulated. Recent indications are that the promulgation of the first stages of this reform are imminent.

The right of nominating cardinals has always been uniquely the pope's. No one questions his right to do what he has done. But as Hans Küng has observed, "Not everything that is 'legal' or 'legitimate' is for this reason necessarily in keeping with the spirit of the Gospel." Certainly the Holy Father's stated intention "to give to the Sacred College . . . a more effective representation of authority, of collegiality, of experience, of tradition" will not find rapturous response among the Orthodox or the non-Chalcedonians. And for a simple reason. The cardinalate, resting on a very tenuous legal basis, represents a blatant (and in historical perspective, offensive) expression of Roman triumphalism. It is not in fact even *papal* triumphalism because the honor has been conferred by the Bishop of Rome in his episcopal capacity, and has pertained traditionally to the diocese of Rome. A body so locally defined is not an appropriate vehicle for the thoroughgoing renewal of the Church mandated by the episcopate. The pain caused by the pope's move is aggravated in this era of *giovanismo* when the most vital currents in the Church's life are tending to return to the common patrimony of the sundered Christian community.

The office of cardinal is the quintessence of what is historically objectionable in the malaise of papalism. In giving final form to the cardinalate, Pope Eugene IV defined the office as having "been instituted by St. Peter himself." He ruled that those prelates so honored were to take precedence over all patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops in the Church, a curiously prideful estimation of a diocesan honor. Pope John's order of April 1962 that all cardinals must henceforth be in, or be raised to episcopal orders was an attempt to moderate the excesses of the cardinalate.

Patriarch Maximos IV said on the floor of the Council that "when the pope governs the universal Church, he associates with him, to share his responsibility, the College of bishops who succeed the College of the Apostles, and not the priests and deacons and other

THOMAS E. BIRD, *who frequently writes on the Eastern churches, holds a research fellowship at Princeton University and is also a member of the Boston Archdiocesan Ecumenical Commission.*

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clergy of the diocese of Rome. The special curia of Rome, for the diocese of Rome, should not take the place of the College of the Apostles which lives on in the bishops, who are their successors. It is the task of this Sacred Council to take necessary means to clarify this truth. . . . The curia of the Bishop of Rome is one thing, and the Apostolic College of the successor of Peter is something else."

The inclusion in the College of four prelates (out of a total of 103) who will be titulars of their own patriarchal sees rather than of churches of the diocese of Rome is not an overwhelmingly persuasive reply to the Melkite patriarch's cogent criticism. The Greek Orthodox theologian, Nissiotis, has in effect addressed himself to this problem by questioning "taking as criterion, not the wholeness of the sacramental charismatic life of the Church, but the discipline and order *sub Romano Pontifice.*"

The area of cardinalatial prerogatives versus patriarchal rights is crucial because it epitomizes in ecclesiastical life and practice the triumph of the parochial and particularistically Roman over the all-encompassing dimensions of the society which Christ intends. The genesis of the problem lies in the confusion in the West about the offices of bishop, patriarch, and primate which reside in the Roman papacy. A result of this confusion, which has served to weaken equilibrium in the Church, is that the cardinalate, a hierarchy of canonical basis (and hence of purely human origin) is imposed upon the episcopate, a hierarchy of sacramental basis (i.e., of divine origin), making the former *superior*, in practice, to the latter.

A State of Flux

The one thing which emerges from Paul's move is that the prestige and authority structure of the Church —on the patriarchal, episcopal, and cardinalatial levels —has been set in flux. Indeed, there are grounds for considering the new appointments a carefully premeditated move in the direction of renewal, unmistakably in the Pauline style: moderate, with a keen eye for the practicalities of the situation, and accomplished *within* the system.

The fact that four of the new red hats have gone to members of the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity, giving that body a kind of on-the-floor parity with other Curial offices, deserves consideration. Nor should it be overlooked that the bishop for whom Hans Küng serves as theologian, the Archbishop of Paderborn, has been honored. These are significant events, affecting the strength and capability of a definable group within the hierarchy. In sum, whatever else they do, the new appointments establish with some certainty Pope Paul's endorsement of the Roman Catholic Church's involvement in the ecumenical movement.

Without any doubt, the announcement of the new cardinals demonstrated exceptional sensitivity for the Oriental sense of diplomacy and good order. Named first were the present titulars of three of the ancient pentarchy of patriarchates: Their Beatitudes Maximos IV of Antioch and all the East, of Alexandria and of Jerusalem; Stephen I of Alexandria; and Paul II of Antioch. Immediately following was the Church's only Major Archbishop (in effect, a quasi-patriarch), the *confessor fidei,* Metropolitan Josif of Lvov.

As Pope Paul is successor to St. Peter in the See of Rome, so Patriarch Maximos is the Fisherman's successor in the See of Antioch. As the incumbent of the only ancient patriarchal see in Catholic unity, Maximos can rightfully claim to be the ranking prelate in the Church after the Patriarch of the West. His status as the first cardinal named by the reigning pontiff confers certain especial prerogatives upon him within the panoply of papal protocol.

It is noteworthy that these four prelates were given a pre-eminence of honor in the papal listing over the Latin rite Primates of the United States, Ireland, Czechoslovakia, and the Gauls, and ahead of the senior Archbishop of England. This does not mean that the pope acknowledged a legal seniority or granted a kind of superiority to these spokesmen for Eastern Christianity. It does mean that the Bishop of Rome attempted to honor his brother-patriarchs to the extent of his capacity.

Among Eastern Christians, disbelief and something akin to despair was the response of many to the announcement that the Melkite patriarch had accepted this peculiarly Latin rite honor. Offered the cardinalate on three previous occasions, he rejected it each time, inquiring what advantage would be involved in becoming a parish priest of the diocese of Rome.

On the eve of the opening of the Council, Cardinal Agagianian resigned (at Pope John's behest?) his office as Patriarch of the Armenians. It was bruited about in the press that "a clarification of the serious tension between the offices of patriarch and cardinal" was in the offing. Patriarch Maximos IV was quoted as saying *"C'est une trahison d'être à la fois patriarche et cardinal."* Treason, that is, to all that the patriarchal office has stood for in the history of the Church, and the drama and import of the patriarch's acceptance of the red hat can only be fully appreciated against the his-

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torical background of the office of patriarch and in terms of the sentiments which Maximos has frequently and vehemently expressed.

Since the Great Christian Schism, the Western portion of Christendom has lost any functional awareness of the treasures of Eastern Christianity which are so necessary for the health of the Church—not merely liturgical treasures, but spiritual, artistic, theological, and institutional as well. It is the last which has come under the most careful scrutiny by the West, has provoked the greatest antagonism, and has been, almost without exception, suppressed or neutralized by being made uniform with Roman practice.

What could have constrained this most authentic exponent of Orthodoxy in the Catholic hierarchy to accept what amounts objectively to a demotion? Upon accepting membership in the college, His Beatitude articulated the East's understanding of the relative position of the two offices. "The patriarchs of the East . . . as titulars of apostolic Sees, [have] constituted within the Universal Church, immediately after the Bishop of Rome and in communion with him, a kind of patriarchal college, which had precedence over all the other dignitaries of the Church and aided the pope in serious matters in which the interest of the whole Church was involved." The office of the patriarchate, thus, does not deserve a cult of nostalgia or antiquarianism. It is not a petrification of history (anymore than the episcopate is), but a living and permanent force.

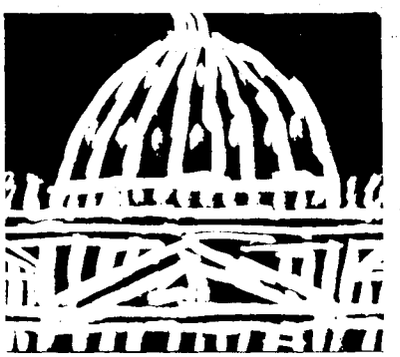
History sadly records that while the Ecumenical Councils of the undivided Church were unanimous in supporting the dignity and privileges of the patriarchates (as outlined by Maximos) and although the General Councils of the Roman Catholic Church were in agreement with this practice through the Fourth Lateran Council, Pope Eugene IV impelled the government of the Church and her hierarchical structure in a totally unprecedented direction. That pope's rulings provided the grounds which enabled the Fathers of the Fifth Lateran Council to define cardinals as "the highest dignitaries in the Church after the pope."

Behind the Decision

The reasons for Patriarch Maximos' acceptance of this honor, so foreign to his tradition, remain unknown. One hypothesis finds some support in the Melkite patriarch's role in the Near East and in his personality, and this idea is corroborated by various actions of Pope Paul.

The Arab world, Catholic, Orthodox, Coptic, and Muslim, has been exercised about the Jewish schema to a degree of ferocity which is difficult for members of a pluralistic society to grasp. Viewing the bitterness and hostility in the Levant caused by this document of Pope John's initiation, the patriarch seems to have chosen the role of peace-maker between the Arab world and the Church. His acceptance (*juxta modum*) of the cardinalate brings a universally recognized and esteemed honor to the Arab world. Given to Maximos, it has redounded by a curious vagary of logic to the benefit of the giver, the Pope of Rome. In combination with the appointment of Archbishop Duval, a stalwart supporter of the legitimate national aspirations of the Algerian people, a certain diplomatic balance has been restored to relations between the Roman Catholic Church and the Arab world.

Maximos' nomination must be considered together with those of the Coptic and the Maronite patriarchs. Canonically, the four major patriarchs in the Church are now members of the College of Cardinals. A more pertinent observation under the circumstances is that all those patriarchs who preside over Arabic-speaking flocks are currently members of the Sacred College.



Pope Paul has thus poured oil on troubled waters by honoring the chief Catholic prelates of the Arabic-speaking world. Conceiving of his pastoral responsibility in wider terms, he has also addressed himself to the spiritual leaders of Arabic Christendom in accents which are unmistakable. A recent letter, written on the anniversary of his trip to Jerusalem and sent to all the Arab patriarchs, Orthodox and Catholic, saluted them "as sons of one and the same Father," and exhorted them to "avoid the old dangers," to "eschew all sterile antagonism," and to "concentrate entirely on this immense and exalting task [of] building up a juster, more peaceful, and more brotherly world," thus "improving the present situation." His exhortation in a special way "to live deeply according to [Our Lord's] commandment [and His] call to unity in love and universal brotherhood" could hardly be misconstrued by even the most naive or obdurate.

The Catholic press has made much of the importance

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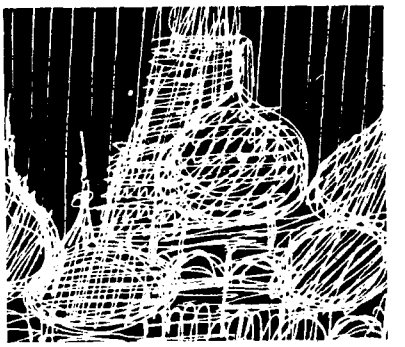
of the appointment of Easterners to membership in the College of Cardinals, seeming to interpret this as the step immediately preceding the reunion of East and West. Their reasons for optimism have not been articulated and the details of the spontaneous reaction expected from the Orthodox and non-Chalcedonian East are not known.

Patriarch Maximos is on cordial terms with his counterpart, the Syrian Orthodox Patriarch of Antioch. Their relations will, in all probability, be quite unaffected by this latest honor.

Patriarch Paul's community, the Maronites, has no analogous body not in communion with the Holy See.

Patriarch Stephen, the opposite number of the Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria, is in a peculiar situation. The Catholic patriarch, representing a tiny minority, is himself exceedingly latinized. Roman Catholic dialogue with the Coptic Church has been pursued even less strenuously than with the Orthodox. Moreover, the Coptic hierarchs were perhaps the most outspoken about the inadmissibility of the theological suppositions of the statement on the Jews; they will hardly be reconciled by an honor conferred upon a Catholic prelate in their midst. Finally, the Christian community in the UAR suffers from severe practical restrictions in this stridently Muslim nation, an on-going problem unlikely to be alleviated by any moves by the Vatican on the political plane, or by the Church Fathers on the theological plane.

Orthodox reaction to Vatican II has to date not been enthusiastic and the inclusion of Uniate patriarchs among the cardinals in all probability will be taken little notice of. It will certainly not materially alter Orthodox attitudes for the better. One Orthodox theologian reported to his superiors upon returning from the Council that the Roman Church was conducting a local synod; and that while her attention was turned upon internal reforms in which the Orthodox Church could take considerable satisfaction, there was no significant or broad-based ecumenical concern, indeed only limited conversations were beng conducted with the descendants of 16th century Reform.



A high-ranking prelate of the Russian Patriarchate remarked to Msgr. Jan Willebrands on the eve of the first session that "the office of patriarch is much higher than that of cardinal." The Orthodox world would concur in that judgment without exception.

The justifiably bitter and outspoken reaction to the decree on the Eastern churches adopted at the third session is indicative of the current stage of Roman Catholic encounter with the Orthodox. Diocesan honors for the heads of those Catholic communities which the Orthodox consider major obstructions to any dialogue will solve none of the problems outstanding between the two sister-Churches.

Alternatives

A critic should, ideally, be armed with an alternate proposal. Other approaches were employed by Pope John and suggestions have been forthcoming from the Council floor. The six Near Eastern patriarchs and the Metropolitan of Lvov were granted membership on the Congregation for the Eastern Church by Pope John. (Until then membership on Curial Congregations had been confined to cardinals.) This move, while not making these men masters of their own homes, at least gave them a voice in the decision-making which pertains to their jurisdictions.

A member of the Coptic hierarchy suggested a workable solution. "How happy my people would be," he said, "if upon my return, I could tell them that our

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WILBERT SNOW

MARCH SUNSET

A light blue line along the tops of trees,
Above, a glassy lake of rose and gold,
And, higher still, the evening star decrees
Sharp rays of white that twinkle clear and cold.
Shadows tremble over fields of brown,
And shudder through spruce thickets dense and black,
Then suddenly the chill spring night comes down
With awesome hush and wonder in its track.

Another day has folded wings and flown,
Another sunset magnified the hills,
Once more the stars their ancient light have shown,
Once more a tense repose the landscape fills;
Another day! But what in its design
Can satisfy this troubled heart of mine?

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patriarch is to have a voice in the election of the Holy Father." Since the cardinalate is of ecclesiastical (i.e., human) institution, papal or conciliar action could easily provide for an expansion of the franchise in papal elections, without requiring the electors to be cardinals. Instead of a move in this direction, granting all patriarchs of the Eastern churches a vote in papal elections, the pendulum has swung to the right and the privilege of voting for the Primate of the episcopal college has been extended to them contingent upon their incorporation into a diocesan and local body which bears no relationshp to their traditions (and technically, has no connection with the Universal Church).

The exceptional nature of the new office which the three patriarchs hold is borne out in two ways. The Melkite, Maronite, and Coptic patriarchs, (though apparently the exception does not extend to their Syrian-rite brother or the Metropolitan of the Ukraine) will not be given titular churches in Rome; that is, the three will not have the relationship with the diocese of Rome which has been the traditional hall-mark of the cardinalate. Perhaps of greater significance is their assignment to the rank of cardinal-bishop, heretofore reserved for the bishops resident in the six sees surrounding Rome. These are signal departures from the ideological underpinnings of the cardinalatial college which have obtained for nearly a millenium; they suggest that possibilities exist for further development.

Manifestly the Pope has attempted to lend a quality at once new and "extra-Roman" (in both the narrow and the broad sense) to the office of cardinal while retaining in most particulars the general Western tradition. It is true that this new element of flexibility *may* herald an interim stage which will eventually lead to a truly episcopal senate in which the heads of churches would participate *ex officio* together with elected episcopal representatives from the various national or regional hierarchies. But it is precisely the lack of an ecumenical dimension, of a Catholic but un-Roman feeling in the nominations themselves and in the inclusion (and consequent demeaning) of men of of patriarchal rank which makes the nominations so momentous and so regrettable at this juncture.

The prospect of the continued existence of the college (with greater longevity promised in the appointments forthcoming at the close of the fourth session) cannot help but sow confusion and sadness among many within and without the Roman allegiance. It is well established that the cardinalate is the cornerstone of the papal super-episcopal network of apostolic delegates, legates *a latere*, nuncios and internuncios, all of which offices, in the words of Bp. Joachim Ammann, "should in our day be counted among the shadows which hide the true face of the Church from men of our time" and which incontrovertibly undermine legitimate episcopal (not to speak of collegial) rule.

The whole question of patriarchs, popes, and cardinals and their rights, privileges, and dignities strikes many people as just so much badinage about the picturesque realities of another epoch which would be as well forgotten. But if the Church's hierarchical structure as defined by Canon Law is examined and if the ecumenical implications involved are drawn out, the question takes on considerably more immediacy.

The hierarchy of the Church is ranked, according to the present Code, in the following manner: "The Roman Pontiff, the Ecumenical Synod, the Cardinals, the Roman Curia, the Legates of the Roman Pontiff, the Patriarchs, the Archbishops and Metropolitans. . . ." Prescinding from the question of the injury done to any proper notion of the episcopate by such a table of precedence, is it reasonable to suppose that reunion with the Christian East is possible when the "proper place" reserved for the Patriarch of Constantinople or Jerusalem or Moscow is somewhere after one hundred dignitaries of the diocese of Rome, after apostolic delegates, legates *a latere* (whether bishops or not), nuncios, internuncios, after Latin rite bishops located in the patriarch's own territory? Plans for ecumenical dialogue, much less reunion, take on a very illusory quality when the prevailing canonical realities are taken into account.

The First Vatican Council decreed (in the face of articulate opposition) that the Church—One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic—should bear the name *Roman* and Catholic. The pontiff who presides over the Second Vatican Council will determine for some time to come whether that Church shall be Roman *or* Catholic.

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James Hearst

WILDERNESS WAYS

The rabbit knows the hawk is there,
the hawk sees where the rabbit hides,
the wilderness sustains the pair
with no pretense of choosing sides.

Nor does the deer choose hunter's ways
though hunter tracks a heart to death,
but hunted nor the hunter stays
the talon's plunge, the arrow's breath.

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Nun in the world

FERRIS WHEEL, ANYONE?

SISTER MARY STEPHANIE

Even before I became the Eve-Diana-Alice woman of the Church, I had been aware of the gathering shadows caused by a not quite fortuitous concourse of brooding, avuncular Adams. They seemed to be putting their heads together to locate me and to take me apart, their predecessors having once assembled me piecemeal and under pressure. Even that murmurous period seemed to be the time for a tract, but I lacked the art. I found that, like death and judgment, I could not be explained. I was simply there, the fifth last thing.

Then, after the stir of a few introductory feints and passes from presumably unimportant sources, Cardinal Suenens spoke out strong and bold. He warmed my tucked-in heart, until somebody said he didn't mean me. Though I felt like the intended, this voice grew so insistent that I found myself chanting, "He doesn't mean me! He doesn't mean me!"—sometimes to the tune of "She didn't say yes; she didn't say no," sometimes to "Santa Claus is coming to town."

About a year ago COMMONWEAL published an analysis of me by Michael Novak, a layman, which should have prodded me into drawing up a prolegomenon. But in the swelling din, I began to feel like Saint Praxedes, the flagpole sitter: I could maintain presence and balance only by veering to both sides; but the more I veered the more unforgettable I became, and I was not prepared to make deathless statements. Since that time there has been my hour at the Council, with numerous fine-print commentators on this and other statements about me. (There has been an irresponsible suggestion for a song: "I'm a *schema*, aren't we all?") Through all this there has been a fine, open-window clash of opinion which I would welcome as the very fullness of *aggiornamento*, if each piercing cry were not supposed to put me in my place. As it is, it keeps me hopping.

I have, of course, two types of lay counselor-observer. If I call Mr. Novak and his kin Type One it is only because they are more aggressive. Type Two loves me all the time, provided I prepare his type-two granddaughter for an ivy-league college without too much friction. On the one hand, he does not wish me to change; on the other, he is pleased with my advances in keeping up with the times, being himself responsible for the most significant of these advances. As *pater-familias* to us all, he has proved that I am emancipated and human, by getting permission for me to eat *filet mignon* hot from his charcoal grill near the rock-garden at his summer place. It would be hard to imagine humanity more gravitational than I after *f.m.*, skimming along the lake in his cabin-cruiser. (Here I am on the far right, with my veil back a little so the sun and wind could make me even more human.)

The "Human" Side

Mr. Two is almost sole originator of the *Panem et Circenses* phase of the growth of the American Sister. The last ten or fifteen years have found me growing ever more human, having my picture taken at ball-games and amusement parks, (what's good enough for Marianne Moore is good enough for me,—well, perhaps not *everything*), holding a bag of popcorn in my hand, letting my teeth shine before men. Everybody can see that Sisters are fine looking; capable of robust, girlish fun and of letting-go in unison, and according to specifications. If one is sufficiently "out" to go to Atlantic City in mid-April, he can find me in all the salt-water taffy places on the boardwalk; and in the good old days I could make Hackney's look like the motherhouse refectory on mother-general's feast day.

Such modern adaptations to the scientific advancements and complex educational scene of our twentieth-century pluralistic society, however, have a way of taking on a Beckett-like absurdity. In my heart I know there is no cloister like Fenway Park, and no grille like Hackney's. This is where Mr. Two most paternally protects and indulges me, and prevents my becoming too challenging and serious by making me a child for the next ten or fifteen years. After that my heart

SISTER M. STEPHANIE *teaches at St. Joseph's College, Maine. This is her first appearance in* COMMONWEAL.

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won't be able to take the roller-coaster, and I make no prognosis for my head. In the meantime I must prove to the world that I am warmly human by keeping the water-pistols and hula-hoops from getting rusty. (And if some editors think I look funny doing such things in these clothes, they should have seen me before I was revised.!) What all these postures prove to the world, it is difficult to say—unless it is that I have much in common with the Shriners!

But think of the store of roister-doister memories I will have—I, who will seem to have passed in one mesmerized plunge from childhood to senility. Mr. Two I will always openly love, because he is faithful, if untrue, and uncritical because he never expected much of me in the first place. He thinks I am cute and snappy, and he likes to see my classroom sparkling with those figurines he sends in: nuns swinging bats, nuns playing banjos, nuns eating pizza-pie! What if his only spiritual reading is a cursory glance at the diocesan weekly as he passes through the vestibule after Mass? He's a fine man; he often has his picture in the paper handing a check from the knights to the templars; he sounds as if he knew the clergy very well; and he loves the Sisters. What further need have we of witnesses?

Enter Mr. One

Mr. One, on the contrary, is considerably more dyspeptic and harder to satisfy. He says, often in print (you cannot keep these fellows out of print! you don't find Mr. Two spreading himself all over COMMONWEAL!) that he looks to the day when I may ask a destitute and lonely man into the convent refectory where I may share with him what is on hand, even if he is dirty. And he means not that I should sit watching, mentally fluoroscoping the man's gastric process as if such physiological empathy were one of the works of mercy, but that I should break bread with him. He thinks I should allow neither institutional rubber tiling waxed to dazzle, nor Mr. Two's terrace, to become a barrier between me and these rather upsetting objects of the government's and the Church's attention.

Mr. One looks to the day, too, when my participation in such contemporary institutions as civil rights demonstrations may be thought of as an act at least as devout as queuing up for a Radio City Music Hall matinee or Disneyland. He seems naively nonplussed by the fact that my CPA brother teaches Scripture two hours a week to high school seniors, while I teach mathematics six hours a day to high school juniors and seniors. On Saturdays, I teach a group of my peers methods in the new mathematics.

One and Two both object especially to this Saturday schedule . . . Mr. One wants me to get on to the secular campus and talk over religious problems with bewildered underclassmen. Mr. Two, however, more virile and practical, wants me to be a real woman and get sinuous, windy fulfillment with a vacuum cleaner, which is Saturday's child in most convents. He is even happier for me if I am charged with the more spiritual exercise of scrubbing the marble altar of the parish church with brush, soap and water. It gives him a holy feeling, somehow, when he brings his wife to Saturday afternoon confession, to see me cliff-hanging up there on that altar, like a real, black-hooded little Hummel angel, bless me—who doesn't even have sense enough to take a coffee break.

Clerics interested in me likewise fall into two groups. Father Gerken's interpretation of Karl Rahner on my state in life seemed to cast some light, until somebody, perhaps a canon lawyer, said "He doesn't mean you!" (Surely, there must be somebody somewhere who means me.) I could say the rest for him: "He means cloistered religious. They are the only *nuns*. You do not even exist; you are actually a laywoman. Perhaps the Council will create you by scattering a little theological cloud-seed through you." These men do not care greatly what I do, so long as I am not importunate. Importuning, I suppose, would be like having a filmy mirage settling around one's temples, sniveling about the best place for condensing.

Others see me as a copy of the ideal and urge me to be a good Platonic girl, to keep my eyes lowered and my voice soft, lest my angelic integrity be tarnished. The pink business at the end of my sleeve should be kept out of sight; as for the pink business peeking out above that, the less said about it, the better. No doubt it is a cross. I must not make friends with the mammon of iniquity (*i.e.* seculars), and especially with the opposite (obverse and adverse) sex. Let

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lay people do the work of the apostolate if they wish, those hewers of wood and drawers of water. My goal must be to maintain my state in life, a goal suited to my vaporous, extramarginal nature. So I go about, trying to embody, if I am allowed the crudity of a body, the idea that, like Mr. MacLeish's poem, I should not mean, but be.

Over all these people, however, some members of the tribe of One have a distinct advantage. They know the power of positive thinking. For them Sister Luke and Sister Jacqueline constitute a vital statistic. We can thank them, if we choose, for those thrillers in *Time* and *Newsweek* about nuns at Tel-Aviv, or nuns at Second City chanting *recto tono* "Who's afraid of Jean Genêt?" (The answer is high in the thousands.) It goes without saying that my shadowy existence has left me unprepared for this apocalyptic image-making. I confess I often feel, even now, drably quotidian. If one is not in the swim, I say to myself neurotically, one is naturally in the sink—hardly the place for an existential encounter. My fright-ridden sensibility seems to hear the Ones saying: "There is no more of you: you have been counteracted. *Non estis.*"

Anything I try to say, apparently, sounds like a cross between the roaring traffic's boom and the syncopated clock. But then, standing at my never silent listening post, my mouth full of words and all of me feeling heavily substantial and extant, I see Mr. Two approaching with his grandchildren: "How about a spin over to Palisades Park," he says, "for a round of dodge 'em junior and the ferris wheel?" Well, what would you do?

Political crisis in Italy

CATHOLICS LEFT AND RIGHT

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

Towards the end of 1964, when the Italian Parliament seemed unable to elect a new president and the Christian Democratic representatives voted against their own candidates, the general impression was that Christian Democracy was pretty well finished. This impression grew when Giuseppe Saragat, a Social Democrat, was finally elected to the post with the help of the Communists, and was widely viewed as the Communists' Trojan horse within the Italian government.

But Italian politics are not that simple. Christian Democracy, which has been in crisis since the "opening to the left" came into existence, is in some ways an obsolete fortress. But that does not mean that the fortress has become useless or that it has not served the purposes for which it was built.

Take the new Socialist President. Everybody in Italy knows that although he is a veteran Socialist, he is one of the most reliable anti-Communists in the country. Just after the war, it was he who took the responsibility of splitting the Italian Socialist party to save at least part of it from collaboration with the Communists. Moreover, it is known that he has personally come very close to the Church, particularly since the death of his wife, who was a deeply devout Catholic and his faithful companion throughout the long and difficult years of exile from Fascist Italy.

Take "the opening to the left." When it was prepared as an experiment, the Christian Democrats' policy was to lure the Socialists of the left, who had for years collaborated closely with the Communists, into the democratic camp. The tension over this attempt lasted for so long that fissures began to appear within Christian Democracy.

Yet, it was not Christian Democracy which split up into two parties, but the Socialists of the left. A smaller portion remained close to the Communists and a bigger one enthusiastically joined "the opening to the left," which is now being carried out. Christian Democracy did suffer losses as a result of the experiment, but they are nothing compared to the disaster which has befallen Italian Socialism, split as it is into three different parties. And the Communists are outsiders now as they were before, in spite of slight gains and frantic efforts to be moderate. If "the opening to the left" has dragged Christian Democracy more to the left than its right wing likes, the Communists on their side have been compelled to steer much more to the right than the

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN *is a European newspaperman and* COMMONWEAL'S *regular correspondent in Rome.*

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Communist veterans like. Indeed, some of them are independent and don't conceal it. The general tendency is a convergence from all sides towards a most moderate left of center line, and a tendency to abandon extremist positions, be it on the right or on the left. The general trend is healthy.

At the same time Catholics and Communists increasingly meet and discuss the possibilities of dialogue. Well-known Catholic and Communist writers have published a book, *A Testing of the Dialogue*, which is an attempt to grope toward common ground. It is taken for granted on both sides that the old relationship has crumbled and that a new one must be built from scratch. Nobody knows what will come out of it, but evidently it will weaken discipline within the Christian Democratic party.

This weakening is such that it has repeatedly been suggested that the party would divide into a Catholic party of the right and a Catholic party of the left. Such a split could completely change Italian politics.

There are Catholics who look forward to such a split on the grounds that it would give the two Christian Democratic factions a freedom of movement which neither now enjoys. The leakage both to the left and to the right which the Christian Democrats have suffered since the "opening to the left" came into existence, would subside. Probably in such a case most members would remain on the right side. The relations of both with the Vatican would naturally be very loose, the sort of relationship inaugurated by Pope John. After all, Christian Democracy in Italy is Italy in miniature, with its right and its left and the great majority of the Italians remain Catholics, even if they vote Communist or belong to the parties on the right. In the past the mixture of religion and politics in the Christian Democratic party has compromised religion, at least until Pope John.

This is speculation. Two Catholic parties seem a possible solution but that is all. For the time being, the unity of Christian Democracy seems greater than that of the Socialists. And one Catholic party instead of two seems to be the desire of Pope Paul VI as well.

This is, however, the sore point of Christian Democracy. If the relationship with the Vatican is going to be loose, how loose is it going to be? A typical example of this problem is the crisis provoked by the banning in Rome of Rolf Hochhuth's play, "The Deputy," under a much discussed interpretation of the concordat between the Vatican and the Italian State. The case, as such, was negligible and did really not justify the indignation of the Communists. The play can be performed anywhere else in Italy and its Italian translation with a foreword by the Catholic writer Carlo Bo has sold very well in Rome. It is probable that if the play had been performed without interference in one of Rome's theaters it would have been a flop or a modest success; Romans don't seem interested in the theater any more. But the question of principle raised here has been a hot potato for ages in Italy. All of a sudden it was up before Parliament again, dividing it into two camps. The Communists, the Socialists, a few smaller leftist groups and Catholics of the left were indignant, but the Socialists in the government were not indignant enough to threaten to leave the government. The majority of Christian Democracy, the Liberals, the Monarchists and particularly the Neo-Fascists, who have recently shown a tendency to be more Catholic than the Pope, are against "The Deputy" and back the government.

However, the question was discussed on a higher and more academic level as well, by people not bound by political considerations of one side or the other. Somebody said that if "The Deputy" cannot be played in Rome, then *The Inferno* of Dante cannot be publicly read either, since Dante not only criticizes many Popes but also assigns a few of them to Hell. The juridical relations between the Italian Constitution and the concordat were analyzed and the conclusion was drawn that according to the constitution "The Deputy" cannot be barred from Rome and the present interpretation of the concordat is against the constitution. Which is more important, the constitution or the concordat? Reply: the constitution. Conclusion: the concordat has to be modified. And the first initiative in this direction was taken by an avant-garde Catholic fortnightly *Quest'Italia*.

It is the old question of the Guelphs and Ghibellines hundreds of years ago. One party was in favor of the Pope and one was against and occasionally fought him. But both parties remained Catholic as the most natural thing in the world. Millions of Italians voting faithfully Communist remain as good Catholics as the millions voting faithfully for Christian Democracy or those voting for the parties on the right, including the Neo-Fascists, who consider themselves more Catholic than the Pope. All the parties involved in the heated discussions are after all Catholics trying to solve the age-old problem which their forefathers have been dealing with for so long without ever being able to solve it, i.e., their relations with the Vatican, which happens to have its seat within their territory. It has been said that the Vatican in Italy is like an elephant in a rowboat. The Vatican and all it stands for is so much more important than Italy, and the Pope is by far the most important Italian in the world. It is understandable, if not excusable, that the man at the oars in a rowboat feels that he has to have some regard for the elephant.

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ANGUS WILSON'S ENGLAND

The novelist as social historian

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

Angus Wilson entered English letters some fifteen years ago as an angry old man. It is a little hard to conceive that he is even now only fiftyish in actual years, his preoccupation with the foibles and the problems of the aged has been so complete. And, of course, he had nothing in common with the angry men his own age who made their appearance about the same time. While the angry young men were excoriating the older generation for their failure to prepare a Utopia for them, Wilson was flaying the older generation for its failure to stick to their guns, abandoning their real virtues for fancied progress.

Wilson looks back in sorrow rather than in anger, his affections in many ways lying with Victorian days rather than with the crudely Americanized England of today with its bedroom suburbs and bowling alleys and Chinese restaurants—if they can be attributed to America. Wilson is not, to be sure, Colonel Blimp. Most of the changes that he records he regards as inevitable if not desirable and he is not given to sentimentalizing the virtues of the old *per se*. Many of Wilson's old people, in point of fact, are among the most revolting in literature.

Wilson entered into the public consciousness with his first book of short stories, *The Wrong Set*, in another ambiance, that which Susan Sontag has defined recently in *The Partisan Review* as "Camp." The meaning of the word is not easily circumscribed, but as Miss Sontag says, it connotes a sensibility the essence of which is the unnatural artifice and exaggeration. It suggested in Wilson's case an author who was "not quite serious," who might at his most melodramatic moment break into a giggle at his own outrageousness. "Raspberry Jam" sets the note. A small boy is befriended by two sweet but strange old spinsters who have a pet bird. The old girls suspect the bird of being a spy and one day when he visits them he finds the little creature torn to bloody shreds. Raspberry jam. It is horrifyingly well done if I remember it correctly but it evokes a slight tendency to break into an hysterical snicker, much as, say, some of the "horrors" of a Hitchcock film.

Wilson has, in effect, been living down *The Wrong Set* ever since. It is not that the change in his work has been a sudden one. His two subsequent books of short stories and his first novel, *Hemlock and After*, have something of the same quality of High Camp about them. His later novels (*Anglo-Saxon Attitudes, The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot, The Old Men at the Zoo* and the current *Late Call*) have a more serious air and perhaps something less of easy entertainment value. It is not now possible to wave aside his didactic implications with an "Oh well, they don't matter anyway!" He has, in fact, abandoned Camp, or Style, for content, or come to rely more upon it.

Late Call

In each of Wilson's novels the moral vision is that of an older person. Meg Eliot is not in actual fact aged but her viewpoint as a widow is that of a woman who has let a generation slip by her unseen and uncomprehended. Gerald Middleton in *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* and Sylvia Calvert in *Late Call* are retired persons readjusting to life in circumstances which conspire to defeat them. Conspire to defeat them, but do not succeed, it may be said. For all his sardonic note, Wilson is not basically pessimistic.

Late Call is being hailed in England already as Wilson's finest work. This is true only in the sense that it is his most "serious" work, farthest from his early panache. In it he has abandoned the more entertaining great world of social position, money, scholarship and sophisticated talk for the narrower vision of a simple soul, and attempted to evoke from it a consequence as impressive. Sylvia Calvert is the product of the new England, where caste barriers have blended and intermixed. Her childhood, however, goes back to an Edwardian world that was vastly different, where social position was God-given and immutable down to the very genes. In the shaken world that followed World War I, Sylvia has married above her class to a

WILLIAM JAMES SMITH, *a free-lance writer and critic, is a frequent contributor to these pages.*

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ne'er-do-well Army officer. She supports the two of them as proprietress of genteel hotels and is thrown out after World War II into the completely shattered world where her son represents the New Order and her granddaughter aspires to Stately Homes living.

In each of his books Wilson has chosen someone like Sylvia, in years at least, to give perspective to social change. Sylvia has risen in the world more by chance than ambition, though she is a woman of practical intelligence and sensitivity. There is nothing of the snob about her and her new world more bewilders her than anything else. The book is superb as a psychological study of a woman who has sought personal freedom all her life and scarcely comprehends it when it breaks in upon her. There is nothing of the rebel in her. When she attends an amateur performance of *Look Back in Anger* she is sickened by its vitriolic humors. The model community of Carshall leaves her baffled in many simple ways and far more deeply confused by its standards and its ambitions as exemplified in her son and grandchildren. Wilson laughs at the ridiculousness of ranch houses and rotomatic broilers and rural espresso dives in Merrie England, but these things do not especially disturb Sylvia. Wilson is not given to "symbolic" writing, but it is perhaps significant that it is with a family from the New World across the Atlantic that Sylvia finally finds herself. In them she sees the freedom she has sought and in them the happiest combination of the new order and the old.

Sylvia does not settle for being "needed," and at the conclusion of the book she has decided to reject any dependency upon her family for the real independence of spirit she has long been denied and which, significantly again, can be found in the new England she has lived in and which was denied her in the old.

Meg Eliot in *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* provides a similar psychological lesson with the obverse of the social lesson. Mrs. Eliot moves in what is almost (though probably not by intention) an allegory of modern England, from a position of strength, wealth and power to a secondary role in affairs where charm and past position are no guarantee of success. When her husband is killed in a freak political incident in the Far East, Mrs. Eliot finds herself nearly penniless and without the practical skills that will sustain her. Once more we have a splendid psychological study, this time of a woman of much greater intellectual interest, one without Sylvia's sentimental overtones (Sylvia promises us a good cry which never quite comes off, but leaves the effect of something missing rather than of literary restraint). Meg Eliot turns out to be in many ways an infuriating woman in her interfering obtuseness, and her final option for independence on her own terms has an element of cruel willfulness about it.

"At any rate," Mrs. Eliot sums up, "in a few years at least the modern world won't be able to take me by surprise so easily again." Mrs. Eliot's new world is an Americanized one too, in its way. It is one in which social mores are not so much defied as simply not recognized, in which even accents and schools are not dependable guides to social placement, sexual behavior has been revolutionized, and playing the impoverished lady is no longer a game worth the candle.

But a critical commentary on the modern world runs along with the brute necessity of its acceptance. It is embodied in Mrs. Eliot's brother David, who has attempted to come to grips with the aggressive stupidities of the modern temper by a form of philosophic disinvolvement, humanist rather than religious in its nature, Zen rather than quietistic. Though David is painted as a pathetic and somewhat ridiculous figure, his author is obviously in sympathy with his approach even more than with Meg's more virile attack upon the challenges of today. But Meg has seen her brother's mind and understood it, lured him even into a more positive role, and then abandoned him to lead her own life and let him find his way back to the quieter path he had chosen.

Anglo-Saxon Attitudes

Gerald Middleton in *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* is yet another of these older eyes looking upon a society in transition. This is the most ambitious of Wilson's novels in terms of breadth of canvas, variety of characters and complication of plot. Gerald's social position is secure—it is firmly based on wealth which goes back at least a respectable two or three generations, and on intelligence and taste and scholarship in the field of medieval English history, which he has turned to rather than follow a business career. He is able to view social change from the security of his Daimler and in the gentility of academic gatherings, but it impinges upon him as heavily as on Meg Eliot or Sylvia Calvert.

At the opening of the novel Gerald has retired from battle, content with, or resigned to, wealthy dilettantism rather than to searching out the truth of his life in its complex ramifications. Wilson has pleaded elsewhere for a modern novel that is as broad and generous in its social canvas as those of Dickens and in this book he most nearly succeeds in a modern equivalent, even to the comic grotesques, the happy coincidences, the sentimental vignettes (old lovers reunited, etc.).

The action of the novel is set in the present day but

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Gerald's recollections take us back over that same significant span of British history, from Edward VII to Elizabeth, when not even the throne was quite firm. And by a neat irony, the plot revolves around another facet of English history in a period of transition: Was the pagan idol found in a Bishop's tomb a sign of backsliding in medieval times, or is the whole thing a hoax by a modern iconoclast? Gerald suspects the truth and establishes it for the world despite the personal anguish it involves. In doing so he re-establishes his grip on life in the affirmation of the truth and his acceptance of the demands of life.

New Beginnings

The moral, as always in Wilson, is the same—the challenge of life must be accepted, whatever way we choose to cope with it. And while Wilson is not pessimistic he has no easy optimism either—Gerald, Sylvia, Meg, none of them come to "happy endings." Their only happy endings are new beginnings and the damage they leave behind them cannot be repaired. As Wilson himself says, moral wrongs can be righted, but human sufferings leave their scars and errors are not always reparable in our dealings with our fellow-man.

Wilson is an odd mixture of emotional Tory and intellectual Labor, though his work is apolitical so far as any overt stand goes. He might very well belong to that Liberal group that has so often swung the balance in British policy in other than a merely political sense. He is compacted of those British virtues and shortcomings that are often so dismaying—everything from a good sturdy xenophobia to that extraordinary willingness to see the other chap's point of view; an endless preoccupation with social position together with a complete belief in democratic rights; dull commonsensicality and real vision.

Wilson's doubleness of conviction is underlined in his short story "Ten Minutes to Twelve." Henry Biggs, now Lord Peacehaven, an industrial titan and rugged individualist of the old school has gone quite mad and spends his declining years writing fierce memoranda to to his board of directors, now long vanished. These instructions are quietly disposed of by his family in the drawing-room below. On New Year's Eve his son reads one of these madly autocratic notes aloud to the family and the grandson and granddaughter are suddenly stirred into life from their languid poses in different ways. "I think it's frightfully good what grandfather says," Geoff declares, "It's perfectly true we *do* want action. . . . And that about making things alive instead of flat and dull and having good reasons for doing nothing. I hate all those good reasons. I don't believe he's mad at all.'

Patience replies: "I do. I think it's appalling to write like that—ordering people about and demanding power for one self and never stopping to think properly. . . . It's no better than Russia." And Geoff counters: "What's the good of being in charge if you don't give orders? Anyway it's not like Russia. You didn't listen properly. The whole point is that the firm's *English*. Grandfather said so." And it is Geoff who is sent out to get a "bit of green" to welcome in the New Year. But the author regards him with an old and quizzical smile. The year Geoff was welcoming in with promises of action and adventure was 1956, the year of the Suez Crisis.

Wilson has said of his stories that each is "designed to show a specific example of . . . blurring of the class lines and of the false answers people provide today to get back some sense of position in society. These new stories are all satirical of the old philosophies which have now become fashionabl again—neo-Toryism, Colin Wilson's Nietzcheanism, and so on—of people seeking after values which now no longer apply." The novelist's concern, he says, is to "expose the human condition," not to preach: "I attack not specific things, but only people who are set in one way of thinking. The people in my books who come out well may be more foolish, but they have retained an immediacy toward life, not a set of rules applied to life in advance.

Pyramids and Ladders

The habit of rating writers hierarchically in a pyramid capped with Shakespeare, or, in dealing with the modern novel, a pyramid with Proust, Joyce and Mann jostling for top spot, has deservedly come into disrepute. The novel is too protean a form, for one thing, to permit the lumping together of all its practitioners, and there are too many fine novelists such as Wilson who defy being tucked in a ladder of excellence, above Mauriac, say, and below Faulkner, or between Truman Capote and Nelson Algren.

Wilson may not be for the ages. His work has its obvious limitations of tone. The *raffiniert* note of Camp is never quite absent and sentimentalism is often just below the surface. It is too sophisticated for many people and too "nasty" for others. Wilson's admirable aloofness of depiction rules out his passionate emotional involvement with the fate of his characters and it leaves us a little lost too. To understand all is to forgive all but it is apt to leave us indifferent. His characters are fatiguingly self-analytic and see themselves, as Wilson does, rather too unsparingly. The action of his

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novels, notably in *Late Call,* is almost entirely psychological in ways that are convincing but not very lively, and Wilson's constant identification with the viewpoint of the old is not to everyone's taste.

Indeed Wilson's considerable popularity in this country is a little mystifying. Some of his material can only be baffling to Americans even of Anglophile tastes. The implications of a story such as "A Flat Country Christmas" in *A Bit Off the Map,* for example, can only mystify the average American reader, whose experience of social position and its importance will be so different. We may not in the United States have achieved a classless society but our experience of class is something far different. In England the old class order which is now breaking up was a horizontal one. In this country class distinctions have been much more on a vertical basis, with innumerable factors of wealth, education, national origin, color, individual talent, religion, and even geography playing a part such as they do not in England.

One has the feeling too that Wilson's preoccupations as a social historian have already become somewhat mysterious in England itself. He says as much himself in his books, where the difficulties of social change are spelled out precisely as that—no one knows his place in society any more. No one is willing any longer to be assigned the role of comic servant but no one will accept the role of benevolent master either. The Prime Minister's wife does her own cooking but no one is very happy about it, even in a Socialist state. We can suppose—perhaps hope—that the day will come when the egalitarian ironing-out will have banished all those decadent uncertainties of class, and human encounters will be on a truly man-to-man and not class-to-class basis. I expect Wilson would rejoice to see it but I doubt that he does expect to see it and I doubt that he will.

Meantime, as a recorder of the scene as it passes, Wilson is doing a superb job. It is historical change as it is registered in the life of the individual remote from great events and often little conscious of the interlocking of forces and people that bring him to his decisions. Already his books have an old-fashioned note. In years to come his people's problems may seem as academic as those of chimney-sweeps but his books will be saved by their psychological verity and admired for their historical accuracy. Like the historian, Gerald Middleton, Wilson will have the satisfaction of knowing that though the circumstances have dwindled in the perspective of the years he has done his best to set the record straight. And it may just be that the circumstances of the Brave New World are very similar to those of the bad old one.

HOLMES AT HOME

THE STAGE

After threshing about wildly for half the night (well, not a second less than fifteen minutes anyway) trying to think of something to say about "Baker Street" that would be worth bothering a printer with, I fell into a fitful doze. I must have been brooding about Hemingway's famous boast that he had out-boxed the messrs. Stendhal and Turgenyev but would hesitate to enter a ring with Tolstoy, and had fused this with my normal discontents, because when I awoke I found I had typed —or rather, goose-quilled—the following paragraph:

Although I once fought a draw with St. Beuve, and later took a truly popular split decision from Matthew Arnold, I have been getting that obsolete feeling more and more lately. For some time now, I have been in training to challenge Edmund "Bunny" Wilson for the championship— normally nothing would get me into a ring with Bunny unless I get a lot better, but I am a strange old man and maybe I am better than I think—but just recently I've begun to wonder whether it is worth all the effort: the road work and the sparring partners who try to take you out in one . . .

The sources for this piece of automatic writing were not hard to trace. The style had obviously been borrowed from Lillian Ross, whose famous interview with Hemingway I had recently been re-reading with the old slack-jawed amazement; but the thought was recognizably my own. For a number of reasons which I won't go into here, a conviction has been growing that criticism as we know it today may be on the way out. It is certainly redundant and obsolete—who needs a hundred oracles belching dark contradictions from separate caves when you could have one oracle belching dark contradictions, etc.—and now it seems that the British have actually perfected a new critical machine . . .

Well, perhaps "perfected" is putting it too strongly. The muggeridge II has certainly superseded the American macdonald, and it produces more words per month than the old sontag, but it still has a few bugs. For one thing, it is not very good at fiction; it tries gamely, with gears clanking and little iron jaws masticating like fury; but its aesthetic sense is still in the rudimentary stage. It registers stupidity and cant accurately enough, but is all at sea with nuance.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of the new mug-

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geridge is its formidable second-strike capacity. Woe to anyone who controverts it—the muggeridge strikes back with the speed of a cobra, with a suave giggle and lick of the forked tongue. The macdonald was good in this respect, but hopelessly wasteful: it used to try to answer its enemies point by point. The muggeridge simply giggles and licks, and its enemies become instantly paralyzed.

The muggeridge's extraordinary output also enables it to review the same book in several places at once, which clears up a lot of silly confusion. The old machines used to disagree sometimes and then they fought like old tin battleships, circling slowly and pelting the landscape with shot. It was a mess. One hardly knew what to think.

Nowadays, none of this is necessary. Simply install a muggeridge in your office (the only thing a muggeridge will not fight with is another muggeridge). Several magazines have already purchased one—and these magazines among our best. An imported criticism machine adds a cachet that anyone can feel proud of.

And perhaps future models will prove even more efficient. The new muggeridge is already much smoother than the old one—the old one which wrote that Churchill was senile at a time when the information could be of use to no one and could only cause pain, and which sneered at Queen Elizabeth with a peculiar, chop-licking relish that even anti-monarchists found it hard to warm up to. The new muggeridge doesn't do things like that. Or if it does, it prefaces the assassination with words like, "Dearly as I love you Americans" . . . the new muggeridge has had what Cyril Connolly calls a "gland of charm" built into it.

The muggeridge II has not so far as I know been fed any movies or plays yet. But I see no reason why it should not process them with the same success, since there is nothing specifically literary about its methods (its prototype was, I would imagine, a political gossip-writer, which was later found to work just as well on books). If a muggeridge II was faced, as I am right now—and have been right along, daughter—with the task of reviewing the musical "Baker Street," I don't see why it shouldn't click out something like the following:

"I never cease to be amazed at the patience of Americans. I never cease . . .", whir whir (tell him it's a *play*. About Sherlock Holmes.) "When I was a boy, I remember" . . . (better just let him talk—he'll get round to it in a moment) "but I never thought I'd live to see the day" (hasn't he got a lovely accent, though?) "Now, as to this so-called play. Poor Fritz Weaver has been cajoled into doing the impossible: playing this degenerate, not particularly interesting monument of Victorian sexlessness—a countryman of mine I fear, but I don't boast about it—and poor Inga Swenson, forced to make love to this sexless charlatan—I myself am quite sexy, thank you very much. In my day we didn't talk about it, that's all—and poor Martin Gabel as the sexless Dr. Moriarty. Poor everybody. Not excepting poor me."

This kind of thing is tough to compete with; if COMMONWEAL ever decides to install a muggeridge II, my days are probably numbered. Meanwhile let me just add to the above that "Baker Street" is an uncommonly weak musical with one of the poorest scores I have ever heard on Broadway. Fritz Weaver talks his songs, which helps—except that the words aren't particularly good either.

Sherlock Holmes is not really a good subject for a musical. The satirical possibilities have been mined to a faretheewell by Leacock and others; and the detective side was done very well in the old Basil Rathbone movies, with all the advantages of screen magic, and none of the encumbrances of music. Presumably, this was not discovered until too late. Anyhow, the fog is excellent.

(And now tell me the news, daughter—is it true that Bunny Wilson has a glass jaw? I am a strange old man to put it mildly and if I remember to keep my guard up, I may win the championship yet.) (*At the Broadway*)

WILFRID SHEED

PEEL ME A GRAPE

THE SCREEN

If you don't take its title or its content seriously, you'll find "The Love Goddesses" funny and mildly informative. It consists of an anthology of film clips showing *les girls*, sexy and otherwise, and covers the changing mores in movie love scenes from "The Kiss," made at the turn of the century, up to or down to Monroe and Bardot. Produced and written by Saul J. Turell and Graeme Ferguson, who were assisted by quite a staff of advisers and co-workers, "The Love Goddesses" has a narration that becomes rather pretentious at times when it tries to get weighty, as with its comments on Monroe and the confused girl beneath the actress, or its repeated observations through the years that then the movies got bolder or franker or nuder. As a matter of fact, some of them were bold and frank right from the beginning. "The Love Goddesses" is not really history

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or sociology; its scenes depend largely on what was available to its makers. And neither is it really sensational in spite of its occasional nudity. But it is very amusing, and it offers an interesting review of some of the love scenes, showing good girls and bad girls during sixty years of movies.

This semi-documentary opens with shots of Marlene Dietrich in "Blonde Venus" and closes with views of Claudette Colbert in the DeMille "Cleopatra," both obvious and good choices of the film's producers. And sandwiched in between these two towering love goddesses who survived so well are more-or-less chronological scenes of other goddesses, some of whom are still with us and doing well, thank you, and others who are only a memory. From the early "silents" are such goodies as Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh, and such vamps as Theda Bara, Louise Glaum, and, later, Nita Naldi and Pola Negri. Scenes of stars of the twenties include Clara Bow, Louise Brooks, Greta Garbo (romping with several girls in bathing suits), and Gloria Swanson (who has remained a real star, and I wish this film could have included "Sunset Boulevard"). With the talkies came musicals: those elaborate and sometimes erotic production numbers of Busby Berkeley, and such fetching heroines as Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Jeanette MacDonald, Barbara Stanwyck.

But if any one star dominated the thirties, it was Mae West, who was franker about sex and kidded it in such a way that one wonders now how anyone could have been shocked then. Fortunately, this film includes one of her tough, rough, and ridiculous scenes (from "I'm No Angel") which concludes after the man leaves, with undulating Mae saying genteelly to her colored maid one of filmdom's most famous lines: "Beulah, peel me a grape." And so the Love Goddesses go on and on—with some of the kids like Shirley Temple and Hayley Mills (the nymphet allusion is forced) and up to our time, Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner, Sophia Loren, Audrey Hepburn, etc. The omissions are many—from the past: Elsie Ferguson, Nazimova, Pickford; from the past-present: Irene Dunne, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell. You may look in vain for your own top favorites, but you'll find other favorites. And you may look in vain for social significance to all this. But you'll have some good laughs and thank the film's producers for supplying 'em.

Since I don't belong to that club that thinks Julie Andrews can do no wrong, I wouldn't consider her a Love Goddess yet. She may be someday, however, if her fans continue to wave and rave. I must say, nevertheless, she is the one bright spot in "The Sound of Music," and gives the otherwise quite commonplace picture a definite bounce and lift as she romps across the lovely Austrian meadows or teaches the sour Captain Von Trapp's seven kids how to sing and be happy. Without immersing herself too deeply in the sugary plot, Miss Andrews portrays Maria, a postulant whose light-headed gaiety is not entirely approved of by the nuns and who is advised by the Mother Abbess (Peggy Wood) to go out in the world, for a while at least, and work for widower Von Trapp as the governess for his flock of children. On the job, she finds the kids naughty and the captain an unpleasant martinet. But eventually Maria's high spirits, charm, and platitudinous songs win over the Trapps; and she becomes wife and step-mother just before the Nazis march in. The film ends with the Trapp family making their escape over the mountains into Switzerland.

"The Sound of Music," which was one of Rodgers and Hammerstein's most stodgy although most popular musical shows, has not been improved in its transference to the screen. It has just been enlarged; and, blown up in DeLuxe Color and Todd-AO on a wide screen, its sweetness and mediocrity are more apparent. 20th Century-Fox, who made this film, released a foreign movie several years ago about this family who escaped to America and became the famous Trapp singers. It was a little movie, light and pleasant and in keeping with the story it was telling. There's nothing little about the new movie except its story. "The Sound of Music" is big—with magnificent color shots of the Austrian country and Salzburg; and the simple theme and corny songs get lost in all the expansion. Producer-director Robert Wise, who with Jerome Robbins did such a brilliant job in screening "'West Side Story," brings none of that picture's first-rate cinema to the musical about the Trapps; even his good, carefully-chosen cast are not impressive in their chores. A fine actor like Christopher Plummer plays the captain with such unwarranted sternness that one can hardly believe his conversion when he stiffly unbends.

Perhaps "The Sound of Music" had too many strikes against it in the first place. It is by no means the worst movie ever made. It does have a prepossessing story with agreeable tunes to invite the family trade. But if the stage show hadn't been adhered to so closely, it might have been converted into an outstanding movie. Typical of the film's taste, however, is the visually beautiful church scene in which Maria and Von Trapp marry. And do we hear good religious music in this handsome setting? No, the chorus gives out with "Maria," extolling the virtues of our heroine.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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BOOKS

The meaning of the Sacraments

Sacraments: The Gestures of Christ

ED. BY DENIS O'CALLAGHAN

Sheed & Ward, $4

HAMISH SWANSTON

There is, with one curious exception, a happy sympathy of content and tone evidenced in these papers written for the Maynooth Union Summer School, 1963. The contributors have all read, with assenting enthusiasm, the sacramental theology of Augustine, Rahner and Schillebeeckx, and, perhaps surprisingly perhaps not, Scheeben.

This is an *aggiornamento* book, whose editor announces in his first paragraph that if there were no renewal through self-examination in the Church "its absence would give cause for the greatest alarm." The dogmatic basis of *aggiornamento* is, as Fr. Kevin McNamara of Maynooth remarks, to be found ultimately in the Incarnation, for just as Christ made himself accessible to those who were with him in Galilee and Judea and Jerusalem, so now "Christ wills to become no less accessible to every race and class of men throughout time and space. . . . without *aggiornamento* the Church cannot be faithful to the Incarnation, from which she takes her origin; she cannot fulfil her role in history as sacrament of Christ." The missionary theme of the book is that we must find ways of showing men today that Christ is active amongst them in the sacraments, so that men may make the response of faith, and come into the Kingdom.

The master-paper of the collection is certainly that of Fr. Cornelius Ernst. His contribution is unashamedly for the intelligentia. This is not to question its missionary efficacy. It is worth bearing in mind the origin of the word "intelligentia" in the nineteenth century Russian revolutionary movement. It is a word connected with emancipation. Those who have been given the talents and the experience are to show that the sacraments are the meeting of the Lord and His People. Ernst's view of God making himself present in a progressive manner through the Old Testament revelation until the culminatory revelation in the Lord of the Church, is one of person making himself present to person, and might well have been developed, given more space, into a theology of the Eucharist akin to that of his fellow English Dominican, Herbert McCabe, and of Fr. Charles Davis.

It is significant that Ernst begins with an exposition of St. Paul's sacramental theology by reference to Deutero-Isaiah. Ernst is a theologian who has a command of his materials and a grasp of his tools. He knows how to read the Old Testament, and in this he is, on the evidence of these papers, solitary amongst his fellow-contributors. It is quite obvious that the design of the book demanded a thoroughly rigorist theological account of the Old Testament understanding of the material universe as a sign of God. The editor asked Professor Ryan of University College, Dublin, to provide such an account but the result is vastly disappointing. Not much is gained these days from a moralistic catena unless accompanied by theological exposition at depth. Other contributors, too, would have improved their pieces if they had taken more notice of the revelation of God in the Law and the Prophets. The ubiquitous Fr. Bouyer, for example, might with advantage have discussed, in his paper on "Word and Sacrament," the meaning of the Hebrew "dabar," the word which is action when uttered by the living God. It would be better

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with our theologians in general if they would take seriously Our Lord's estimate of the Old Testament writings on the road to Emmaus: "They speak of me."

The dominant theme of Ernst's paper, and the book as a whole, is the desirability of imitating St. Thomas and substituting in our language and thought about the activity of the sacraments the causality *ex opere Christi* for the too-automatic-sounding *ex opere operato*. Our faith is our historical response to the Lord given in revelation. The sacraments are paradigms of the economy of salvation.

When such fine, enlivening views of our meeting with Christ in the sacraments are being presented, Dr O'Doherty, of the Maynooth Mission to China, is a coelacanth out of water. He makes bland assertions and second-hand arguments, thinking to persuade by a liberal use of phrases like "all theologians accept" and "of course," and by giving "our respectful and careful attention" to the ephemeral journalism of Mr. Waugh. He appears to have read neither Rahner on *Mary, Mother of the Lord*, nor Luke 11.28.

There are several minor blemishes in the printing which result in phrases of some charm—is there a future for "the pur of controversy"?—and in a hole in the argument on page 179 when a paragraph sinks without trace.

The Ordways

WILLIAM HUMPHREY

Knopf, $5.95

HENRY POPKIN

William Humphrey's new novel moves back and forth over several generations of a Texas family, tracing the wanderings of some of its members on three widely separated occasions, in 1863, 1898, and 1931. The story-telling, as such, is very professional, and that is fortunate because this novel comes perilously close to becoming a collection of stories of varying interest. Humphrey's stories—episodes, we should call them, since they are nominally connected—tend to work best when they are connected with a pervasive theme that contrasts the complexity of reality with the rough-and-ready coarseness of expectation.

The Ordways conveys the original notion that, even in the hard, dangerous world of nineteenth-century Texas, human delicacy and decency can figure in people's lives. Our expectations, especially if we have seen enough cowboy films, are dead set against any such alternative to the rule of force and the law of the gun. In these violent times and violent places, Humphrey shows us—not more violence—but nagging, nervous fears about private human relationships, even on the frontier. The tall Texan, he implies, may be more like Henry James than John Wayne.

Not that Humphrey has written anything like a Jamesian novel of frontier life. He is a Redskin, not a Paleface. He works in the traditions of William Faulkner and Mark Twain; what he does, in effect, is to set his characters, Faulknerian but not eccentric, on a long trail that shows them the sort of cross-section of life that Huck Finn witnessed. In this Texan world that pretends to value only strength and violence, other principles of behavior surprisingly manifest themselves, but Humphrey has the good sense not to sentimentalize his higher values; more often than not, he makes comic use of their quixotic side.

To get to the center of things at once, we had better look at the heart and mind of Sam Ordway who is, in 1898, turning Texas upside down to find the neighbors who ran off with his two-year-old son. The Texan ideal requires that he settle things man to man, preferably by drilling the kidnaper between the eyes, but Ordway cannot adopt a sufficiently Texan attitude. He remembers past obligations to the kidnaper, and, what is more important, he has certain residual feelings of guilt toward the stolen child, to whom he was insufficiently attentive. And so this bumbling avenger with an ineffective gun does not know what to make of the red-blooded Texans who see him as a forerunner of such clean-limbed des-

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peradoes as John Wayne and Randolph Scott. He keeps looking, but he never finds his prey; instead, he learns more about human experience, and, as a result, he comes to understand the kidnaper better. When he discovers at last that the kidnaper has adopted his own family name, he has not only acquired a curious piece of information; he has, at an appropriate moment, stumbled upon a symbol for his full awareness of the common humanity he shares with his adversary.

In observing a pattern in *The Ordways*, I must be careful not to create the impression that the novel is a model of unified design. The long central section is a long string of anecdotes of varying relevance and interest. Some of the anecdotes seem no more than gestures at painting a rampaging frontier that Mark Twain described more authoritatively, but once in a while we get something like the story of a mean, unhousebroken little kid who gets lost, is beaten by his father when he is found, but at once goes to his father's defense against Sam Ordway. That incident teaches Sam something about the complexity of the human heart, and it has the incidental effect of reminding us that William Humphrey has an extraordinary way with a story.

Russian Science Fiction

ED. ROBERT MAGIDOFF

New York University Press, $5

MARTIN GREEN

The cover of this book has a charming design of a blood-red rocket blasting off into the blackness of space with a shower of blood-red sparks and stars from its two exhausts; but this rocket has also three onion domes, some asymmetrical fancy stucco, and a general air of being a bit of the Kremlin sent up by mistake. The cover aptly represents the contents of the book, both in its predominance of fantasy over science fiction as such, and in the 19th-century character of that fantasy, as of heavy-footed, old-fashioned, bric-a-brac.

There is for instance one story, called "Magic Shoes" (they never wear out) by Victor Saparin, which is pure fairy-tale, with a slab of popular science inset. And another, called "Flying Flowers" (they are mutated butterflies) by Mikhail Vasilyev, involves a man teaching a butterfly to flap its wings in the rhythm of a Morse code message ("Am in cave. Need help. Zavalyov.") and this message being taken up by all the other butterflies around, so that Olga, the beautiful botanist, can speed to his aid. When one thinks of Western science-fiction writers, like Frederick Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth, the Russian stories seem to be written for children, and 19th-century children.

Mr. Magidoff, in his Introduction, speaks of the Russian writers of science fiction having concentrated on social and political problems at the expense of scientific and technical fantasy. But when these stories are placed beside their equivalents in the West, it is surely something nearly the opposite which stands out in them—their simple pedagogy and uplift, their attempt to instil the right kind of interest in science and technology, the right kind of attitude to society and life. The authors cannot be said to be *concerned*, in any significant sense, with social and political problems.

When one thinks of Anthony Burgess's hallucinatory pictures of the future, in *The Wanting Seed* and *The Clockwork Orange*, one sees how much more interwoven are science fiction techniques and social and political themes in the Western imagination. It is not simply that the Russians' picture of the future is more optimistic, but that it is more naïve—that the imagination is not at work in it so boldly, so richly, so exultantly. Much less, of course, do these stories explore the individual subconscious by means of science fiction techniques, as happens in J. G. Gallard's work, or in one or two stories by the non-Communist Russian, Nabokov. The only interesting story here is "A New Year's Fairy Tale" by Dudintsev, and it is not in any significant sense (in the sense that applies to Burgess's work) a piece of

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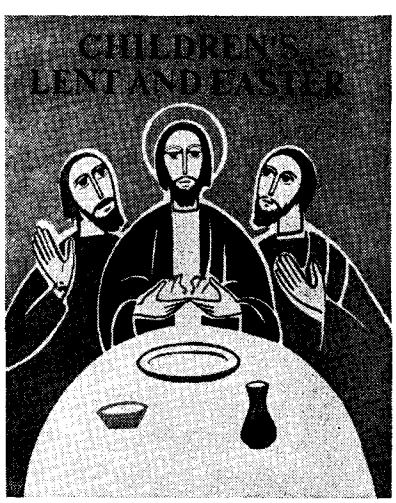

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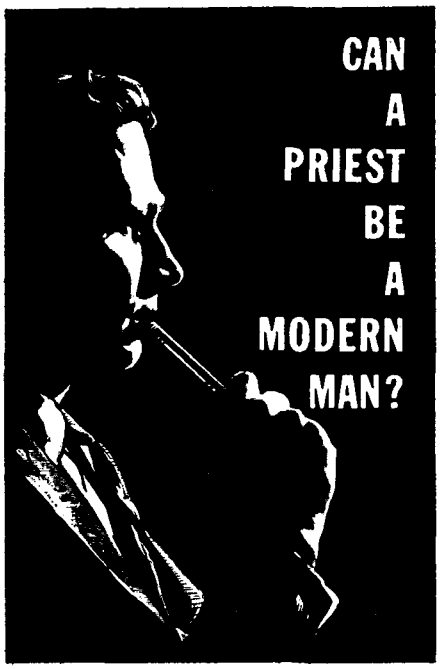

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science fiction. It is like looser and vaguer Kafka.

Faced with a sample like this (eleven stories in all) one is bound to want to generalize. One wants to say that the naïvete, the crudity, the provinciality, of Russian science fiction "as a whole" is due to the general conditions of Russian cultural life. One wants to say that, on the other hand, there is a wholeness, a harmony, a dignity, in that cultural life, an inter-relation of science, art, and education, visible in both the way these stories accept an educational function and the fact that they are written by practicing scientists. Yefremov is a professor of geology, Dnieprov a distinguished physicist, Zhuraleva a doctor, Vasilyev an engineer; and this is a tradition in Russian science fiction. Bogdanov worked on blood transfusion, and Tsiolkovsky of course on rockets. Western science fiction is not much written by scientists; and is not much use educationally; and expresses the fears of a society not very whole, harmonious, and dignified.

But it is wise to resist these temptations, because there is evidence that the collection is not representative. There are famous names of Russian science fiction not even mentioned, like Gor and Grin; and one gathers from Russian critics that if a collection has only one story by Tsiolkovsky, it should be "Outside the Earth," not "On the Moon." We must wait for more and better evidence before theorizing; this sampling must be swallowed with circumspection, with suspicion. Which is a pity, because the editor may well be right in saying that science fiction is an important branch of contemporary literature in Russia, and that we can learn much about that culture from it.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

FATHER HAMISH SWANSTON *is a member of the Birmingham Oratory.*

HENRY POPKIN *has served as drama critic for the London* Times *and* Vogue *Magazine and has written for* The New Republic *and* The Reporter.

MARTIN GREEN *is author of* A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons. *His latest book,* Science & The Shabby Curate of Poetry, *will be published in the Spring.*

CORRESPONDENCE

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(Continued from page 3)

element in the human-divine religious society we call the Church do not find it necessary to make allowances for the glaring instances of peccability within it. They expect such things for they know that certain vessels are subject to defacement.

If Mr. Sheed rethinks his critical recollections and readjusts his focus, he may learn to rejoice at the wealth of humanity he finds within the Church. After all, the human heart is his province and he would not want to excise it every time he enters a Catholic church and rubs shoulders with his clerical and lay fellows. Some will cause him pain; others delight; he will probably do the same for them. But always he will know that after the human comedy has been viewed, a divine comedy can be found beneath the obvious first point of contact.

(MSGR.) NELSON W. LOGAL

Reply

Msgr. Logal's letter seems to me to answer itself: let me just underline some of the key phrases:

a) "the organizational man finds himself alienated in an organizational society." b) "wealth of humanity within the Church . . . enters a Catholic church and rubs shoulders . . . human comedy", etc., etc.

Which world does Msgr. Logal invite me to enter, then: one in which alienated men rub shoulders? or one in which organizational men represent the wealth of humanity? "I'm tired of old cliches" said Sam Goldwyn, "what we need is *new* cliches"—but I'm afraid that this argument contains both: coarse old humanity rubbing those shoulders with angst-ridden modern man in the wonderful richness of the Church.

Buried under all this is an important point. It is true that the conditions

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complained about in my essay are to some extent features of modern life in general: to take only one example, the artificial and impersonal language, or grouptalk, which crops up in TV commercial and Parish Bulletin, political speech and sermon alike. Real people don't talk to each other this way. Where I differ with Msgr. Logal is on the question of whether this situation is specifically human, whether it is irresistible, and whether it is compatible with a Christian church.

The stereotype of the priggish intellectual wincing at the peccability of human vessels as they rub shoulders is as worn-out as the point of view it stands guard over. Let me offer a fresh stereotype: the intellectual who wants contact, and the philistine who rejects it. There is nothing in my essay to suggest that I would be happy with a church of angels; this is a stereotype interpretation, based on what intellectuals are supposed to think. I called in fact for more humanity, not less, for more shoulder-rubbing, and less nice-Nellyism. But this does not mean copying the fashions of a relatively inhuman society, and calling them the human norm.

I have always taken it that the Christian injunction to war against the world meant precisely that: to take the side of humanity against the side of fashion; to protect human values against such ephemera as angst, suburbanism, togetherness, apartness, jingoism, snobbery, or whatever happens to be going around this year. My argument was, and is, that by not taking human values seriously enough, sections of the Church have absent-mindedly fallen in with the worst ones: for there is no escaping them altogether.

This is a harsh answer to a friendly letter, and I apologize. My only extenuation is that many of us have been hearing this argument in various forms all our lives: it seems to come back like a recorded announcement whatever coin you put in the machine. By characterizing the critic as a hypersensitive snob, it succeeds in neutralizing his arguments without even hearing them. It is also, to my mind, basically an insult to the "human" masquerading as a defense of it: the gist is, what can you expect of those (lovable) slobs? Answer: the chastity of a hero, of course, but the brain and heart of a rotarian, or of whatever is cheapest and easiest in our society—for these are human matters, not really important in the eye of eternity, not worth analyzing or trying to improve; and this in brief was what the essay was supposed to be about. WILFRID SHEED

"The Price of Retreat"

Dubuque, Iowa

To the Editors: Numerous weaknesses seem evident to me in Mr. Shannon's appraisal [March 5] of the present crisis in Vietnam. The first is that he argues from the inevitable fact that China will soon be a nuclear threat to China's not being a nuclear threat in five or ten years because we were very tough in North Vietnam today. (See the first two paragraphs and the last.) Somehow, he seems to think that a fierce

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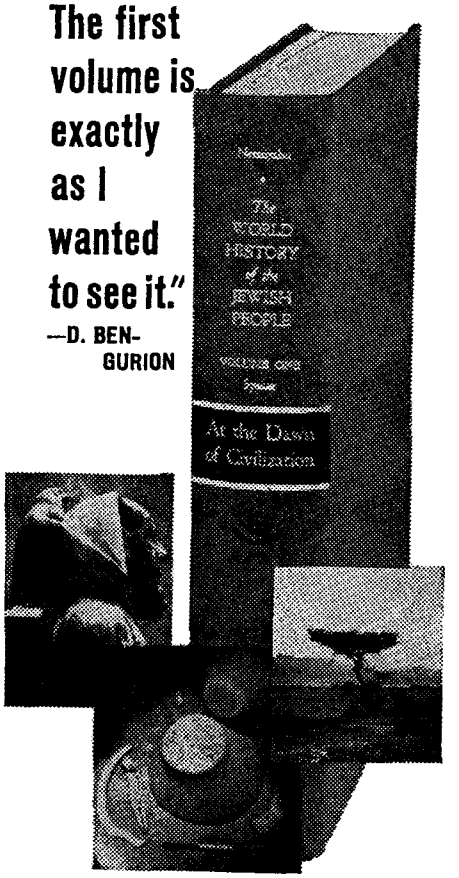

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showing by the U.S. right now will insure an anxiety-free future. This reasoning does not make sense for me.

Secondly, he seems to assume that the struggle in Vietnam is simply a struggle between "freedom" and Communism. Whatever it is, it is not that clear. Much may be said for the strife's being characterized as a civil war; there is considerable room for self-criticism as to our handling of the situation both with respect to end and means; there is a neglect of the consideration that even if the North should win the civil war it will retain considerable independence from China in much the same way as Yugoslavia is independent of Russia; also neglected is the consideration that an American "victory" over North Vietnam will prove for Communists around the world a greater stimulus than a "defeat," for in their eyes we will be patent imperialists.

Thirdly, Mr. Shannon neglects the real force of the criticism of those (e.g., Norman Thomas) who sarcastically label the U.S. as "God's policeman." Their point seems to be, in the first place, that we appear to other nations as a gratuitously self-appointed arbiter and guardian. (And in many ways it does not matter if there is full justification for this judgment; we must seriously esteem how others perceive us.) The second point these critics are making is that there is yet a possibility for negotiation and we must seize it. To refuse General de Gaulle as mediator (and it has been rumored that he would be acceptable to the North) because it would mean a diminution of our Western leadership is childish.

Fourthly, we might make North Vietnam "willing to accept defeat" and perhaps also her patron, China, might be forced to bow today. But if things get that escalated, is Mr. Shannon so certain that Russia will let Communism suffer such humiliations? It seems that Mr. Shannon leaves no room at all for a negotiated settlement and believes that either the U.S. or China will lose face before the world. That this is the case must not be so readily assumed. Even if we could cause Viet-

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nam's patron to accept a humiliating defeat at this stage, which seems unlikely, there seems even greater reason to "worry five or ten years from now about those Chinese threats to atom bomb Honolulu and San Francisco." It is high time we started talking with China; she is the great known-unknown and every year is painted for us as more and more non-human.

JAMES G. HART

"Eloquently Simplistic"

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: William V. Shannon's Washington Report: "The Price of Retreat" [March 5] frightens me because of its eloquently simplistic approach to the exceedingly difficult problems of the United States' involvement in Southeast Asia.

His advocacy of preventive warfare is nothing new. The same arguments were given broad coverage when the Soviet Union became a nuclear power. Fortunately, President Truman did not accept the advice of the Shannons then and, I trust, President Johnson is much too wise to listen to them now.

All well-informed people are worried about the dominance of Communist China in Southeast Asia, but the solutions suggested by war hawks like Mr. Shannon are even more frightening. While emotionally displaying his anti-Communist feelings, he fails to give any indication of what price he feels the United States should pay in its effort to contain Communist influence in Southeast Asia.

Hanson Baldwin, military analyst for the New York *Times*, in a recent article estimated that in order to achieve Mr. Shannon's wish of defeating the North Vietnamese it would be necessary to employ a minimum of several million U.S. troops, in addition to air support. To gain his second goal, the military defeat of China, we must assume that Mr. Shannon is suggesting all-out nuclear warfare which could easily evoke the retaliation of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Shannon also conveniently ignores the recent experience of the French who lost hundreds of thousands of men in Vietnam and Algeria in futile efforts to contain similar Communist threats as they saw them. It would appear that Mr. Shannon is so thoroughly convinced of the righteousness and need of his holy war that no cost, including the possibility of a nuclear holocaust, is too high a price to pay.

Mr. Shannon glibly compares confrontation with the Soviet Union in the Cuba missile crisis to confrontation in Asia, conveniently disregarding logistics. Cuba is ninety miles from the United States mainland and vital to our national security. Southeast Asia is more than 7,000 miles away and vital to China's national security, not ours.

I am unalterably opposed to Communism. I have spent three years in active combat, much of it in guerrilla warfare, and a year and a half in the hospital after leaving a leg buried in Africa. I have been in South Vietnam and can assure Mr. Shannon that to achieve his goals too high a price must be paid for a dubious outcome. No real soldier ever hesitated to retreat when necessary, only fools do so.

VERNON A. EAGLE
Executive Director,
The New World Foundation

The Kearns Case

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: In your March 5 issue, I find something like an exchange of views between Professor Frank Keegan and Father George Dunne on the Kearns affairs at Georgetown. Professor Keegan asks the administration to state its position explicitly on the question of a faculty member's right to criticize university policy before the public, and Father Dunne simply dismisses Professor Kearns' criticisms of the University as "untimely" and "fatuously sophomoric." Is it unfair to suspect that Keegan has already received his answer, if only by way of echo?

No one who has worked and been closely associated with the Society for the last fifteen years or so, as I have, and who is acutely sensitive to the wrongs which our Negro friends and fellow-citizens have suffered in this country, can have anything but the deepest regard and the most profound respect for George H. Dunne in his long struggle in their behalf. Father Dunne has always been a great inspiration to me. But, in spite of this, I must say that what he says in his letter about Professor Kearns is hardly more, in my opinion, than a rather impressive red herring, and strikes me rather as an expression of wounded lèse-majesté than an indication that "the establishment" is genuinely looking for an equitable policy on the question of criticism.

No one here doubts that there is a good deal of academic freedom at Georgetown. Professor Keegan makes this one of the central points of his letter; and Father Dunne's own program in celebration of the 175th anniversary of the university (some of the highlights of which he puts into his letter) attests superlatively to the spirit of free enquiry on this campus. But all of this, in regard to Professor Kearns, I'm afraid, is pretty much beside the point. Kearns was concerned about things more basic than public forums conducted by the university (which anybody must admit are in good part "window dressing"). He was concerned about the day-to-day relationship between faculty and students; and it is difficult to see that this is not seriously affected by the virtual absence of any faculty power to help in the formulating of university policy here. He was concerned that we have no faculty senate, that we have no vote as to the membership of the rank and tenure committee, and that (apparently in his own case) the recommendation of an entire department in favor of contract renewal for one of its members can be overruled without a word by the administration. The splendid accomplishments of the 175th anniversary program hardly make up for these serious failings, in my opinion. And, as a faculty member myself, I would take the tone of Father Dunne's remarks as downright offensive, if they came from a lesser man.

WILLIAM S. HAYMOND
Dept. of Philosophy
Georgetown University

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